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THE COMPANION.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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MUSEUM

Take all the freedoms of a Married life,
I know thee for a virtuous faithfull wife

THE

COMPANION.

BEING

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE

Moſt Admired Pieces from the beſt Authors,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

Seek here, ye YOUNG, the anchor of your mind;
Here ſuff'ring AGE, a bleſs'd proviſion find.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:
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BRITISH MUSEUM

WE neglected to mention in the advertiſement prefixed to volume firſt, that it was intended to annex to the concluding volume *a complete liſt of all the pieces, mentioning the author from which each is taken.—As we have various reaſons for adopting this plan, we hope it will be agreeable to* LEANDER *and others, who complain that the authorities were not given in the firſt volume.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D's favour came to hand; but it is too long for a place in this collection.

Z. ſhould have paid the poſtage; his piece will appear in the next volume.

OBSERVATOR'S hint ſhall be attended to; and we thank him for it.

As a great many copies of the Companion have travelled to England, Bauldy *muſt forgive us for refuſing a place to his poem. We do not intend to inſert any pieces written in the Scottiſh dialect.*

Moſt of the other pieces ſuggeſted, had places aſſigned them in one or other of the ſubſequent volumes.

COMMUNICATIONS, poſt paid, addreſſed to the Publiſhers, will be properly attended to.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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ESSAYS, POEMS, &c.

NUMBER I.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.

ON HONESTY.

IT is the folly and misfortune of human nature to prefer the preſent to the future, the agreeable to the uſeful, the ſhining to the ſolid. We admire wit, beauty, wealth, titles, and all that ſparkles with the brilliancy of external luſtre; and though we probably approve the plain and homely virtues, which form the foundation of all real excellence, it is with the cold feelings of unimpaſſioned judgment. But in youth, when our choice in life is uſually fixed, we are much more diſpoſed to purſue what we admire, than what we only approve; and the conſequence is, that the greater number form the earlieſt and moſt durable attachments to vanity. Sober maxims, rules of prudence, dictates of juſtice, plain truth, ſimpli-

city of manners, conſtancy in friendſhip, and regularity in buſineſs, appear with few charms in the eyes of him, who pants for the noble diſtinctions of being remarked at public places for elegance of dreſs, admired for the moſt ſplendid vis-a-vis, celebrated for his wit at a maſquerade, ſmiled upon at court, and at length perhaps rewarded with a title, a ribbon, and a ſtar. To obtain ſuch bliſs, far other qualifications are neceſſary than the antiquated virtues of one's grandfather. The buſineſs muſt be done by dreſs, addreſs, and in ſhort, the graces, the graces, the graces! With reſpect to honeſty, I have ſomewhere read, that a man of honour, on hearing honeſty attributed to his faſhionable friend, expreſſed ſome degree of diſpleaſure at the panegyric, and declared, that ſuch a compliment was only fit for his footman. Our firſt queſtion concerning a man, whoſe character we wiſh to learn, is ſeldom, is he honeſt? but, is he rich, is he able, is he a man of faſhion?

Now, there have been of late, and indeed at all times, many men of faſhion totally deſtitute of moral honeſty. They have poſſeſſed every perſonal grace, and every pleaſing accompliſhment. They could ſing, dance, and play on muſical inſtruments. They could con-

verſe with the grave and the gay, and adapt all their ſentiments to the preſent company. They had that freedom which is called charming, and which enabled them to puſh themſelves into all companies, and accoſt men of rank and character by their ſurnames, and without any reſpectful addition. All this could not fail to excite the praiſe of the ladies, and the envy of the gentlemen. But in the end it has been found, that theſe charming men, with the appearance of whatever is good and agreeable, have been the firſt to over-reach in a bargain, exceedingly ſucceſsful in the profeſſion of ſwindling, and particularly adroit at a forgery.

So deſpicable and deteſtable do the characters of ſuch men appear on detection, that I cannot help thinking honeſty is the beſt ornament, as well as the beſt policy. It is indeed a diamond of the firſt water; while all the ſhewy, dazzling, unſubſtantial qualities, which the artful aſſume for the purpoſes of deceit, are no more than French paſte or paltry glaſs, at once both taudry and brittle.

I would recommend unfeigned honeſty as ornamental; becauſe ſuch is the nature of the human heart, it is infinitely more likely to be purſued and valued by the majority of man-

kind, when they think it will conciliate the love and admiration of each other, than when they view it merely as a moral excellence. The man of reading, reflection, and a cultivated mind, will want no motives to purſue it, but thoſe which are ſuggeſted by his own conſcience and the delicacy of his ſentiments. But to the maſs of mankind, compoſed of all ages, all ranks, all tempers, all profeſſions, all parties, and all religions, it is neceſſary to render any particular virtue, which the moraliſt wiſhes to promote, both lovely and honourable. Intereſt, paſſion, and fancy, muſt be taught, if poſſible, to ſecond the deciſions of reaſon. She is too often depoſed by her refractory ſubjects, whoſe obedience indeed is ſeldom to be relied on, but when it is in ſome degree ſpontaneous.

It cannot ſurely be denied, that the quality which pervades every part of human life, and tends immediately to render it ſecure, comfortable, and honourable, is itſelf one of the moſt honourable which can be poſſeſſed by a human creature; and ſuch is that uncelebrated virtue, common and moral honeſty. Without it, ſociety is a den of thieves; and men are to each other wolves and foxes.

Every day's experience evinces the juſtneſs of that repreſentation in the ſcriptures, in which it is ſaid, that the heart is deceitful above all things; who can know it? In the moſt trifling intercourſe, where neither pleaſure nor profit are in view, the propenſity to deceit appears in the little promiſes, profeſſions, compliments, which are mutually made, uſually without any ſincerity of regard, and often with real and inveterate averſion. But where intereſt is in view, the machinations made uſe of for the accompliſhment of the mean and mercenary purpoſe, are often ſuch as might characteriſe an infernal agent. Plauſibility is, at the ſame time, worn as a cloak; and he who has a deſign on your purſe, your life, or your country, will aſſume all the appearances of cordial friendſhip and unpolluted honour. I believe it is well known, that the graces, the agreeable qualities, as they are called, and the appearance of the moſt amiable virtues, were poſſeſſed in perfection by a Perreau, a Dodd, a Donnellan, and a Delamotte.

Indeed, this common honeſty, as it is named, is far leſs common than our pride is willing to ſuppoſe. But if it could be introduced into all the employments of life, the golden age would be reſtored. I will imagine the

event as already accompliſhed, and will pleaſe myſelf for a moment with the viſionary proſpect of the happy conſequences. I ſee the brightneſs diffuſing itſelf through all the regions of ſociety, from the loftieſt mountain to the loweſt vale; or, to ſpeak in a ſtyle without figure, the happy conſequences are equally viſible from the prince to the peaſant.

The nobles of the land, inſtead of making uſe of their advantages and influence for the purpoſe of private and family emolument, or for the indulgence of their ſelfiſh and ſenſual paſſions, devote themſelves to the ſervice of the community, defend its liberty, preſerve and amend its laws, give countenance to its religion, patronize learning, and encourage all the inventions of ingenuity, which can contribute to the ornament or accommodation of human life. Of how few among the nobility of Europe, and even of our own country, can all this be predicated with any regard to veracity? But is it not diſhoneſt to enjoy the advantages of wealth and rank, to which, by the law of nature, and perhaps by their own merit, they have no more right than their footmen behind their chairs, without making any return to the community, by whoſe laws they poſſeſs their political elevation? When

they traffic for boroughs, ſell their own ſuffrages in the ſenate, ſpend their days at gaming tables, cock-pits, horſe races, ſtables, and dog kennels, they may indeed be men of honour, as honour is now underſtood; but I am ſure they are not honeſt men.

If the plain principles of common honeſty poſſeſſed a real efficacy on the conduct of life, we ſhould no longer ſee men of independent fortunes meanly devoting their lives to no other purpoſe but to increaſe that which is already too large for their merits, by dealing in life-annuities, mortgages, engaging in banking-houſes, toiling in the Alley, raiſing rents, or ſpending what they have happened to inherit, in vanity, luſt, intemperance, and oſtentation. They would ſee the juſtice of making ſome return to the ſociety in which they live, for the exemption they enjoy from labour and neceſſity. They would dedicate their time and attention to benevolence, beneficence, to ſetting good examples, and removing all evil, as far as their influence extends. It is not enough that they are merely harmleſs; for with certain advantages, and in certain ſituations, to be only negatively good, is to be poſitively bad.

If honeſty were duly regarded in the profeſſions, we ſhould not be overrun with bold

pretenders, who make their way in the world by dint of effrontery, and deceive all who truſt in their pretenſions. We ſhould ſee the clergy more anxious in the buſineſs of inſtructing and reforming their pariſhes, than in collecting the tythes; fond of reſiding among their ſimple ruſtics, inſtead of viſiting them only once a year for that money, which is to be ſpent at watering places, theatres, balls, and aſſemblies. We ſhould not hear ignorant preachers deceiving the vulgar by noiſe and nonſenſe, and pretending to ſuperior ſanctity and illumination. We ſhould oftener ſee that dignified character, a worthy pariſh prieſt, performing his duties with conſcientious regularity, and diffuſing comfort all around him.

In the medical walk we ſhould have no quacks. The phyſician would be more attentive to the patient whom he ſees ſtretched on the bed of death or diſeaſe, than he is to the fee. Medicines would be unadulterated; the poor treated as tenderly as the rich; ignorant apothecaries would not procure diplomas, and put themſelves off, among the inconſiderate crowd, for regular phyſicians, adorned by the honours of approving univerſities which they never ſaw. Such a deceit upon mankind, deſerves ſevere reprehenſion; and, indeed, the aſſuming

of doctors degrees, without any juſt title, tends both to miſlead the world, and to vilify thoſe proper honours of real merit; and it ought to be immediately checked either by law or by ridicule.

In law, there is ſcarcely any department which would not undergo a moſt valuable reformation, if we could once gain the important point of rendering honeſty more lovely in the eyes of its profeſſors than lucre. The glorious inſtitutions of conſenting ſenates would then be uniformly a bleſſing to mankind, as they were deſigned, and would never be converted to engines of oppreſſion in the hands of an artful counſellor, or a harpy pettifogger.

In the army no one would receive his country's wages, who would not fight on every proper occaſion.

In trade we ſhould ſee no circumvention, no advantage taken of the wants and diſtreſſes of others, no deceiving of the ſimple and unſuſpecting, no vending of bad commodities as the beſt, no forgeries, no ſwindling, and few bankruptcies. Juſtice would hold the ſcales; and the trader's profits would receive an addition of more than an hundred *per cent.* in the advantage of a good name and a good conſcience.

In literature, for here alſo the deceitfulneſs of the heart of man is often conſpicuous, there would be no partial jndgments, no puffery, no plagiariſm, no apologies for vice, irreligion, or tyranny, no catchpenny compilations; evils which ſpring from the perverſion of literature, from knavery and from avarice, and at once diſgrace both learning and human nature. Among the lackies of literature, as ſome of its ſubordinate profeſſors and managers of it have been juſtly called, ſuch villanies, rogueries, and ſharping tricks, are practiſed, as might diſgrace the mercantile Jews of Duke's-Place. But in the condition of things which I have ſuppoſed, all would be fair and beautiful in the walks of learning, as in the ancient Lyceum or Portico.

Happy ſtate! but alas, it is imaginary! It might, however, I am convinced, in ſome degree be realized, if due care were taken in education, to render the leaſt tendency to deceit diſgraceful, and obnoxious to puniſhment; and every ingenuous, open, honeſt action, honourable; for honour is the nurſe of the virtues as well as of the arts. Inſtead of which, the writings of ſome modern inſtructors tend immediately to recommend every ſpecies of deceit at that early age, when a little evil

ſown in the boſom by the tutor, cannot fail to take root, and grow to a ſtupendous magnitude.

Early and late, by night and by day, in ſeaſon, and out of ſeaſon, as the ſcripture ſtrongly expreſſes it, I would inculcate on the breaſt of boys the juſt remark of the moral poet, that an honeſt man is the nobleſt work of God.

NUMBER II.

Our paſſions play the tyrants in our breaſts.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

PART FIRST.

THERE was a young and valiant knight,
Sir Eldred was his name;
And never did a worthier wight
The rank of knighthood claim.

Where gliding Tay her ſtream ſends forth
To feed the neighbouring wood,
The ancient glory of the North,
Sir Eldred's caſtle ſtood.

The youth was rich as youth might be
In patrimonial dower;
And many a noble feat had he
Achiev'd in hall and bower.

He did not think, as ſome have thought
Whom honour never crown'd,
The fame a father dearly bought,
Cou'd make the ſon renown'd.

He better thought, a noble ſire,
Who gallant deeds had done,
To deeds of hardihood ſhou'd fire
A brave and gallant ſon.

The faireſt anceſtry on earth
Without deſert is poor;
And every deed of lofty worth
Is but a claim for more.

Sir Eldred's heart was good and kind,
Alive to Pity's call;
A crowd of virtues grac'd his mind;
He lov'd and felt for all.

When merit raiſ'd the ſufferer's name,
He ſhow'r'd his bounty then;
And thoſe who could not prove that claim,
He ſuccour'd ſtill as men.

But ſacred truth the Muſe compels
His errors to impart;
And yet the Muſe reluctant tells
The fault of Eldred's heart.

Tho' kind and gentle as the dove,
As free from guile and art,
And mild and ſoft as infant love
The feelings of his heart;

Yet if the paſſions ſtorm'd his ſoul,
By jealouſy led on,
The whirlwind rage diſdain'd controul,
And bore his virtues down.

Not Thule's waves ſo wildly break
To drown the northern ſhore;
Not Etna's entrails fiercer ſhake,
Or Scythia's tempeſts roar.

As when in ſummer's ſweeteſt day,
To fan the fragrant morn,
The ſighing breezes ſoftly ſtray
O'er fields of ripen'd corn;

Sudden the lightning's blaſt deſcends,
Deforms the ravag'd fields;
At once the various ruin blends,
And all reſiſtles yields.

But when, to clear his ſtormy breaſt,
The ſun of reaſon ſhone,
And ebbing paſſions ſunk to reſt,
And ſhew'd what rage had done:

O then, what anguiſh he betray'd!
His ſhame how deep, how true!
He view'd the waſte his rage had made,
And ſhudder'd at the view.

The meek-ey'd dawn, in ſaffron robe,
Proclaim'd the op'ning day;
Up roſe the ſun to gild the globe,
And hail the new-born May;

The birds their vernal notes repeat,
And glad the thick'ning grove,
And feather'd partners fondly greet
With many a ſong of love;

When pious Eldred walk'd abroad
His morning vows to pay,
And hail the univerſal Lord,
Who gave the goodly day.

That done—he left his woodland glade,
And journied far away:
He lov'd to court the ſtranger ſhade,
And through the lone vale ſtray.

Within the boſom of a wood,
By circling hills embraced,
A little modeſt manſion ſtood,
Built by the hand of taſte.

While many a prouder caſtle fell,
This ſafely did endure;
The houſe where guardian virtues dwell
Is ſacred and ſecure.

Of eglantine an humble fence
Around the manſion ſtood,
Which charm'd at once the raviſh'd ſenſe,
And ſcreen'd an infant wood.

The wood receiv'd an added grace,
As pleas'd it bent to look,
And view'd its ever verdant face
Reflected in a brook.

The ſmallneſs of the ſtream did well
The maſter's fortune ſhew;
But little ſtreams may ſerve to tell
From what a ſource they flow.

This manſion own'd an aged knight;
And ſuch a man was he
As heaven juſt ſhews to human ſight,
To tell what man ſhou'd be.

His youth in many a well-fought field
Was train'd betimes to war;
His boſom, like a well-worn ſhield,
Was grac'd with many a ſcar.

The vigour of a green old age
His reverend form did bear;
And yet, alas! the warrior ſage
Had drain'd the dregs of care:

And ſorrow more than age can break
And wound its hapleſs prey;
'Twas ſorrow furrow'd his firm cheek,
And turn'd his bright locks grey.

One darling daughter ſooth'd his cares,
A young and beauteous dame;
Sole comfort of his failing years;
And Birtha was her name.

Her heart, a little ſacred ſhrine,
Where all the virtues meet;
And holy hope, and faith divine,
Had claim'd it for their ſeat.

She rear'd a fair and fragrant bower
Of wild and ruſtic taſte;
And there ſhe ſcreen'd each fav'rite flower
From every ruder blaſt:

And not a ſhrub or plant was there
But did ſome moral yield;
For wiſdom, by a father's care,
Was found in every field.

The trees, whoſe foliage fell away,
And with the ſummer died,
He thought, an image of decay,
Might lecture human pride.

While fair perennial greens that ſtood,
And brav'd the wintry blaſt,
As types of the fair mind he view'd,
Which ſhall for ever laſt.

He taught her, that the gaudieſt flowers
Were ſeldom fragrant found,
But, waſted ſoon their little powers,
Lay uſeleſs on the ground:

While the ſweet-ſcented roſe ſhall laſt,
And boaſt its fragrant power,
When life's imperfect day is paſt,
And beauty's ſhorter hour.

And here the virgin lov'd to lead
Her inoffenſive day;
And here ſhe oft retir'd to read,
And oft retir'd to pray.

Embower'd, ſhe grac'd the woodland ſhades,
From courts and cities far;
The pride of Caledonian maids,
The peerleſs northern ſtar.

As ſhines that bright and blazing ſtar,
The glory of the night,
When ſailing through the cloudleſs air,
She ſheds her ſilver light:

So Birtha ſhone!—But when ſhe ſpoke,
The muſe herſelf was heard;
As on the raviſh'd air ſhe broke,
And thus her prayer preferr'd:

"O bleſs thy Birtha, Power Supreme,
"In whom I live and move;
"And bleſs me moſt, by bleſſing him
"Whom more than life I love."

She ſtarts to hear a ſtranger's voice,
And with a modeſt grace
She lifts her meek eye in ſurprize,
And ſees a ſtranger's face.

The ſtranger loſt in tranſport ſtood,
Bereft of voice and power;
Whilſt ſhe, with equal wonder view'd
Sir Eldred of the Bower.

The virgin bluſh which ſpreads her cheek,
With nature's pureſt dye,
And all thoſe dazzling beams which break,
Like morning, from her eye.

He view'd them all; and as he view'd
Drank deeply of delight;
And ſtill his raptur'd eye purſu'd,
And feaſted on the ſight.

With ſilent wonder long they gaz'd,
And neither ſilence broke;
At length the ſmother'd paſſion blaz'd,
Enamour'd Eldred ſpoke:

" O ſacred Virtue, heavenly power!
" Thy wond'rous force I feel;
" I gaze, I tremble, I adore,
" Yet die, my love to tell.

" My ſcorn has oft the dart repell'd
" Which guileful beauty threw;
" But goodneſs heard, and grace beheld,
" Muſt every heart ſubdue."

Quick on the ground her eyes were caſt,
And now as quickly rais'd:——
Her father haply that way paſs'd,
On whom ſhe trembling gaz'd.

Good Ardolph's eye his Birtha meets
With glances of delight;
And thus with courteous ſpeech he greets
The young and graceful knight;

" O gallant youth, whoe'er thou art,
" Thou 'rt welcome to this place;
" There's ſomething riſes at my heart
" Which ſays I've ſeen that face."

" Thou gen'rous knight," the youth rejoin'd,
" Tho' little known to fame,
" I truſt I bear a grateful mind—
" Sir Eldred is my name.

" Sir Eldred?" Ardolph loud exclaim'd,
" Renown'd for worth and power?
" For valour and for virtue fam'd,
" Sir Eldred of the Bower?

" Now make me grateful, righteous Heav'n,
" As thou art good to me,
" Since to my aged eyes 'tis given
" Sir Eldred's ſon to ſee!"

Then Ardolph caught him by the hand,
And gaz'd upon his face,
And to his aged boſom ſtrain'd,
With many a kind embrace.

Again he view'd him o'er and o'er,
And doubted ſtill the truth,
And aſk'd what he had aſk'd before;
Then thus addreſſ'd the youth:

"Come now beneath my roof, I pray,
"Some needful reſt to take;
"And with us many a cheerful day
"Thy friendly ſojourn make."

He enter'd at the gate ſtraightway,
Some needful reſt to take;
And with them many a cheerful day
Did friendly ſojourn make.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

PART SECOND.

ONCE—'twas upon a ſummer's walk,
The gaudy day was fled,
They cheated time with cheerful talk,
When thus Sir Ardolph ſaid:

"Thy father was the firmeſt friend
"That e'er my being bleſt;
"And every virtue Heaven could ſend,
"Faſt bound him to my breaſt.

" Together did we learn to bear
" The caſque and ample ſhield;
" Together learn'd in many a war
" The deathful ſpear to wield.

" To make our union ſtill more dear,
" We both were doom'd to prove,
" What is moſt ſweet and moſt ſevere,
" In heart-diſſolving love.

" The daughter of a neighb'ring knight
" Did my fond heart engage;
" And ne'er did Heaven the virtues write
" Upon a fairer page:

" His boſom felt an equal wound;
" Nor ſigh'd we long in vain;
" One ſummer's ſun beheld us bound
" In Hymen's holy chain.

" Thou waſt Sir Eldred's only child,
" Thy father's darling joy;
" On me a lovely daughter ſmil'd,
" On me a blooming boy.

" But man has woes, has clouds of care,
" That dim his ſtar of life—
" My arms receiv'd the little pair,
" The earth's cold breaſt my wife.

" Forgive, thou gentle knight, forgive,
" Fond fooliſh tears will flow ;
" One day like mine thy heart may have,
" And mourn its lot of woe.

" But grant, kind Heav'n ! thou ne'er may'ſt
" know
" The pangs I now impart ;
" Nor ever feel the deadly blow
" That rives a huſband's heart.

" Beſide the blooming banks of Tay
" My angel's aſhes ſleep ;
" And wherefore ſhould her Ardolph ſtay,
" Except to watch and weep ?

" I bore my beauteous babes away
" With many a guſhing tear ;
" I left the blooming banks of Tay,
" And brought my darlings here.

" I watch'd my little houſhold cares,
" And form'd their growing youth ;
" And fondly train'd their infant years,
" To love and cheriſh truth."

" Thy blooming Birtha here I ſee,"
Sir Eldred ſtraight rejoin'd ;
" But why the ſon is not with thee,
" Reſolve my doubting mind."

When Birtha did the queſtion hear,
She ſigh'd, but could not ſpeak;
And many a ſoft and ſilent tear
Stray'd down her damaſk cheek.

Then paſs'd o'er good Sir Aldolph's face,
A caſt of deadly pale;
But ſoon compoſ'd, with manly grace
He thus renew'd his tale:

" For him my heart too much has bled,
" For him, my darling ſon,
" Has ſorrow preſs'd my hoary head;
" But Heav'n's high will be done.

" Scarce eighteen winters had revolv'd
" To crown the circling year,
" Before my valiant boy reſolv'd
" The warrior's lance to bear.

" Too high I priz'd my native land,
" Too dear his fame I held,
" T' oppoſe a parent's ſtern command,
" And keep him from the field.

" He left me—left his ſiſter too;
" Yet tears bedew'd his face—
" What could a feeble old man do?—
" He burſt from my embrace.

" O thirſt of glory, fatal flame!
" O laurels dearly bought!
" Yet ſweet is death when earn'd with fame—
" So virtuous Edwy thought.

" Full manfully the brave boy ſtrove,
" Though preſſing ranks oppoſe;
" But weak the ſtrongeſt arm muſt prove
" Againſt an hoſt of foes.

" A deadly wound my ſon receives,
" A ſpear aſſails his ſide:
" Grief does not kill—for Ardolph lives
" To tell that Edwy died.

" His long-lov'd mother died again
" In Edwy's parting groan;
" I wept for her, yet wept in vain—
" I wept for both in one.

" I would have died—I ſought to die;
" But Heav'n reſtrain'd the thought,
" And to my paſſion-clouded eye
" My helpleſs Birtha brought.

" When lo! array'd in robes of light,
" A nymph celeſtial came;
" She clear'd the miſts that dimm'd my ſight—
" *Religion* was her name.

" She prov'd the chaſtiſement divine,
" And bade me kiſs the rod;
" She taught this rebel heart of mine,
" Submiſſion to its God.

" Religion taught me to ſuſtain
" What nature bade me feel;
" And piety reliev'd the pain
" Which time can never heal."

He ceas'd—With ſorrow and delight
The tale Sir Eldred hears;
Then weeping cries—" Thou noble knight,
" For thanks accept my tears.

" O Ardolph, might I dare aſpire
" To claim ſo bright a boon!
" Good old Sir Eldred was my ſire—
" And thou haſt loſt a ſon:

" And though I want a worthier plea
" To urge ſo dear a cauſe;
" Yet, let me to thy boſom be
" What once thy Edwy was.

" My trembling tongue its aid denies;
" For thou may'ſt diſapprove;
" Then read it in my ardent eyes,
" Oh! read the tale of love.

"Thy beauteous Birtha!"—"Gracious power,
"How cou'd I e'er repine,"
Cries Ardolph, "ſince I ſee this hour?
"Yes—Birtha ſhall be thine."

A little tranſient gleam of red
Shot faintly o'er her face;
And every trembling feature ſpread
With ſweet diſordered grace.

The tender father kindly ſmil'd
With fulneſs of content;
And fondly ey'd his darling child,
Who, baſhful, bluſh'd conſent.

O then to paint the vaſt delight
That fill'd Sir Eldred's heart,
To tell the tranſports of the knight,
Wou'd mock the muſe's art.

But every kind and gracious ſoul,
Where gentle paſſions dwell,
Will better far conceive the whole
Than any muſe can tell.

The more the knight his Birtha knew,
The more he priz'd the maid;
Some worth each day produc'd to view
Some grace each hour betray'd.

The virgin too was fond to charm
The dear accompliſh'd youth;
His ſingle breaſt ſhe ſtrove to warm,
And crown'd, with love his truth.

Unlike the dames of modern days,
Who general homage claim,
Who court the univerſal gaze,
And pant for public fame.

Then beauty but on merit ſmil'd;
Nor were her chaſte ſmiles ſold;
No venal father gave his child
For grandeur, or for gold.

The ardour of young Eldred's flame
But ill could brook delay;
And oft he preſſ'd the maid to name
A ſpeedy nuptial day.

The fond impatience of his breaſt
'Twas all in vain to hide;
But ſhe his eager ſuit repreſt
With modeſt maiden pride.

When oft Sir Eldred preſſ'd the day
Which was to crown his truth,
The thoughtful ſire would ſigh and ſay,
"O happy ſtate of youth!

" It little recks the woes which wait
" To ſcare its dreams of joy;
" Nor thinks to-morrow's alter'd fate
" May all thoſe dreams deſtroy.

" And though the flatterer, Hope, deceives,
" And painted proſpects ſhows;
" Yet man, ſtill cheated, ſtill believes,
" Till death the bright ſcene cloſe.

" So look'd my bride, ſo ſweetly mild,
" On me her beauty's ſlave;
" But whilſt ſhe look'd, and whilſt ſhe ſmil'd,
" She ſunk into the grave.

" Yet, O forgive an old man's care,
" Forgive a father's zeal;
" Who fondly loves, muſt greatly fear,
" Who fears, muſt greatly feel.

" Once more in ſoft and ſacred bands
" Shall love and hymen meet;
" To-morrow ſhall unite your hands;
" And—be your bliſs complete!"

The riſing ſun inflam'd the ſky,
The golden orient bluſh'd;
But Birtha's cheeks a ſweeter die,
A brighter crimſon bluſh'd.

The prieſt, in milk-white veſtments clad,
Perform'd the myſtic rite;
Love lit the hallow'd torch that led
To hymen's chaſte delight.

How feeble language were to ſpeak
Th' immeaſurable joy
That fir'd Sir Eldred's ardent cheek,
And triumphed in his eye!

Sir Ardolph's pleaſure ſtood confeſt,
A pleaſure all his own;
The guarded rapture of a breaſt
Which many a grief had known.

'Twas ſuch a ſober ſenſe of joy
As angels well might keep;
A joy chaſtiſ'd by piety,
A joy prepared to weep.

To recollect her ſcatter'd thought,
And ſhun the noon-tide hour,
The lovely bride in ſecret ſought
The coolneſs of her bower.

Long ſhe remain'd—th' enamour'd knight,
Impatient at her ſtay,
And all unfit to taſte delight,
When Birtha was away;

Betakes him to the ſecret bower;
His footſteps ſoftly move;
Impell'd by every tender power,
He ſteals upon his love.

O, horror! horror! blaſting ſight!
He ſees his Birtha's charms,
Reclin'd with melting, fond delight,
Within a ſtranger's arms.

Wild phrenzy fires his frantic hand,
Diſtracted at the ſight,
He flies to where the lovers ſtand,
And ſtabs the ſtranger knight.

"Die, traitor, die; thy guilty flames
"Demand th' avenging ſteel"—
"It is my brother, ſhe exclaims,
"'Tis Edwy—Oh farewell!"

An aged peaſant, Edwy's guide,
The good old Ardolph fought;
He told him that his boſom's pride,
His Edwy, he had brought.

O how the father's feelings melt!
How faint, and how revive!
Juſt ſo the Hebrew patriarch felt,
To find his ſon alive.

" Let me behold my darling's face,
" And bleſs him e'er I die !"
Then, with a ſwift and vigorous pace,
He to the bower did hie.

O ſad reverſe !—Sunk on the ground
His ſlaughter'd ſon he view'd,
And dying Birtha cloſe he found
In brother's blood imbru'd.

Cold, ſpeechleſs, ſenſeleſs, Eldred near
Gaz'd on the deed he 'd done,
Like the blank ſtatue of deſpair,
Or madneſs grav'd in ſtone.

The father ſaw—ſo Jepthah ſtood,
So turn'd his woe-fraught eye,
When the dear deſtin'd child he view'd,
His zeal had doom'd to die.

He look'd the woe he could not ſpeak,
And on the pale corſe preſs'd
His wan, diſcolour'd, dying cheek,
And, ſilent, ſunk to reſt.

Then Birtha faintly raiſ'd her eye,
Which long had ceaſ'd to ſtream ;
On Eldred fix'd, with many a ſigh,
Its dim, departing beam.

The cold, cold dews of haſtening death
Upon her pale face ſtand;
And quick and ſhort her failing breath,
And tremulous her hand.

The cold, cold dews of haſt'ning death,
The dim departing eye,
The quivering hand, the ſhort quick breath,
He view'd—and did not die.

He ſaw her ſpirit mount in air,
Its kindred ſkies to feel!
His heart its anguiſh could not bear;
And yet it wou'd not break.

The mournful muſe forbears to tell
How wretched Eldred died:
She draws the Grecian * painter's veil,
The vaſt diſtreſs to hide.

Yet Heav'n's decrees are juſt and wiſe,
And man is born to bear:
Joy is the portion of the ſkies,
Beneath them, all is care.

* In the celebrated picture of the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, Timanthes having exhauſted every image of grief in the by-ſtanders, threw a veil over the face of the father, whoſe ſorrow he was utterly unable to expreſs. Plin. B. xxxv.

Number III.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know;
Virtue alone, is happineſs below.

STORY OF FATHER NICHOLAS.

The effects of moral inſtruction and precept on the mind, have been rated very highly by ſome grave and worthy men; while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indiſputable proof of their unimportance. Among thoſe, ſay they, on whom moral eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ableſt and moſt perſuaſive guides, how few are there whoſe future conduct has anſwered to the inſtruction they received, or the maxims which were ſo often repeated to them. Natural diſpoſition or acquired habits, regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the ſermon that perſuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent ef-

fect on the actions of him who liſtens, or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the diſcourſe or the ſtory are uſeleſs and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones; and thoſe which conſtantly aſſail, will prevail over others which ſeldom occur. Paſſion therefore will ſometimes be obeyed when reaſon is forgot; and corrupt ſociety will at length overcome the beſt early impreſſions. But the effects of that reaſon, or of thoſe impreſſions, we are not always in condition to eſtimate fairly. The examples of their failure are eaſily known, and certain of being obſerved; the inſtances of ſuch as have been preſerved from ſurrounding contagion by their influence, are traced with difficulty, and ſtrike us leſs when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner ſo ungracious as neither to command their attention, nor conciliate their liking. He who ſays I am to inſtruct and to warn, with a face of inſtruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid

as tireſome, or fear as unpleaſant. A more willing and a deeper impreſſion will be made when the obſervation ariſes without being prompted, when the underſtanding is addreſſed through the feelings. It was this which ſtruck me ſo forcibly in the ſtory of Father Nicholas. I never felt ſo ſtrongly the evils of diſſipation, nor ever was ſo aſhamed of the ſhame of being virtuous.

It was at a ſmall town in Britany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumſtances had induced me to take up my reſidence for a few weeks. They had ſome pictures which ſtrangers uſed to viſit. I went with a party whoſe purpoſe was to look at them: mine in ſuch places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the ſhifting ſcene which prompts obſervation, we ſee in ſuch ſecluded ſocieties a ſort of ſtill life, which nouriſhes thought, which gives ſubject for meditation. I confeſs, however, I have often been diſappointed; I have ſeen a group of faces under their cowls, on which ſpeculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Moſt of thoſe in the convent I now viſited were of that kind: one however

was of a very ſuperior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a diſtance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark rembrandt ſhade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impoſſible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntarily no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his croſs. The ſimilarity of the attitude, and the quiet reſignation of the two countenances, formed a reſemblance that could not but ſtrike every one. "It is Father Nicholas," whiſpered our conductor, "who is of all the bro-
"therhood the moſt rigid to himſelf, and the
"kindeſt to other men. To the diſtreſſed,
"to the ſick, and to the dying, he is always
"ready to adminiſter aſſiſtance and conſola-
"tion. Nobody ever told him a misfortune
"in which he did not take an intereſt, or re-
"queſt good offices which he refuſed to grant:
"yet the auſterity and mortifications of his
"own life are beyond the ſtricteſt rules of
"his order; and it is only from what he does
"for others that one ſuppoſes him to feel any
"touch of humanity." The ſubject ſeemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthuſiaſtic; it ſunk into my heart,

and I could not reſt till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. "It is not uſual," ſaid he, "my ſon, for people at your age to ſolicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why ſhould you anticipate its decay? Gaiety and cheerfulneſs ſpring up around you; why ſhould you ſeek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet though dead to the pleaſures, I am not inſenſible to the charities of life. I feel your kindneſs, and wiſh for an opportunity to requite it."——He perceived my turn for letters, and ſhewed me ſome curious manuſcripts and ſome ſcarce books, which belonged to their convent: theſe were not the communications I ſought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the ſtory of his ſorrows, the cauſe of his auſterities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a ſmall picture, which I

took to be that of the bleſſed virgin. I ſtood behind him, uncertain whether I ſhould wait the cloſe of his devotional exerciſe, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand; and I heard his ſtifled groans. A mixture of compaſſion and of curioſity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: He laid hold of the picture, which he kiſſed twice, preſſed it to his boſom; and then, gazing on it earneſtly, burſt into tears. After a few moments, he claſped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and, muttering ſome words which I could not hear, drew a deep ſigh, which ſeemed to cloſe the account of his ſorrows for the time, and riſing from his knees, diſcovered me. I was aſhamed of my ſituation, and ſtammered out ſome apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.—"Alas! (ſaid he) be not deceived; theſe are "not the tears of devotion; not the meltings "of piety, but the wringings of remorſe. "Perhaps, young man, it may ſtead thee to "be told the ſtory of my ſufferings and of "my ſins: ingenuous as thy nature ſeems, it "may be expoſed to temptations like mine; "it may be the victim of laudable feelings

" perverted, of virtue betrayed, of falſe ho-
" nour, and miſtaken ſhame."

My name is *St. Hubert;* my family ancient and reſpectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I loſt my father before I knew the misfortune of loſing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the eſtimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having paſſed with applauſe through the ordinary ſtudies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother ſent me to Paris, along with the ſon of a neighbouring family; who, though of leſs honourable deſcent, was much richer than ours. Young *Delaſerre* (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army; me, from particular circumſtances which promiſed ſucceſs in that line, my mother and her friends had deſtined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchaſe of a charge for me when I ſhould be qualified for it. Delaſerre had a ſovereign contempt for any profeſſion but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inſpiring me with the ſame ſentiments. In the capital, I

had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had ſerved, the inſolent ſuperiority he claimed over his fellow citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my baſhfulneſs. From nature I had that extreme ſenſibility of ſhame, which could not ſtand againſt the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his ſuperior effrontery; and the beſt eſtabliſhed principles of my mind would ſometimes yield to the impudence of aſſuming ſophiſtry, or of unbluſhing vice. To the profeſſion which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and ſober manners, were naturally attached; having once ſet down that profeſſion as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally diſhonourable. I was aſhamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined; a bully in vices which I hated and deſpiſed. Delaſerre enjoyed my apoſtacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At ſchool he was much my inferior; and I attained every mark of diſtinction to which he had aſpired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his ſuperior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of ſuperior dignity and ſhew; the

cockade in his hat inſpired a confidence which my ſituation did not allow; and, bold as he was in diſſipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had firſt trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindneſs ſupplied me with the means of thoſe pleaſures which my companions induced me to ſhare, if pleaſures they might be called, which I often partook with uneaſineſs, and reflected on with remorſe. Sometimes, though but too ſeldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other ſide; I was ſelf-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by ſtealth; while the time and money which I had ſo employed, I boaſted to my companions of having ſpent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the reſtraints of conſcience. But the dangerous connection I had formed, was broken off by the accident of Delaſerre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his deſire, I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation's houſe in Picardy, where he was to ſpend a day or two in his way. "I will introduce you," ſaid he in a

tone of pleaſantry, "becauſe you will be a "favourite; my couſin *Santonges* is as ſober "and preciſe as you were when I firſt found "you." The good man whom he thus characteriſed, poſſeſſed indeed all thoſe virtues of which the ridicule of Delaſerre had ſometimes made me aſhamed, but which it had never made me entirely ceaſe to revere. In his family I regained the ſtation which, in our diſſipated ſociety at Paris, I had loſt. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural diſpoſition to goodneſs; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more intereſting aſſiſtant to it. After my experience of the few of her ſex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaſerre, however, found them inſipid and tireſome. He left his kinſman's the third morning after his arrival, promiſing, as ſoon as his regiment ſhould be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. Except in Paris, ſaid he, we exiſt merely, but do not live. I found it very different. I lived but in the preſence of Emilia de Santonges. But why ſhould I recall thoſe days of pureſt felicity, or think of what my Emilia was! For not long after ſhe was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on

account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that aſſiduity which was due to his friendſhip, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the ſkill of his phyſicians, were fruitleſs. He died, and left his daughter to my friendſhip. It was then that I firſt dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to aſk, if ſhe thought me worthy of comforting her ſorrows? Emilia was too innocent for diſguiſe, too honeſt for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues, (for I then was virtuous), to reward at the ſame time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happineſs; and I may ſay without vanity, ſince it is now my ſhame, that the ſince wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deſerve the bleſſings he enjoyed.

In this ſtate of peaceful felicity we had lived ſomething more than a year, when my Emilia found herſelf with child. On that occaſion, my anxiety was ſuch as a huſband who dotes upon his wife may be ſuppoſed to feel. In

conſequence of that anxiety, I propoſed our removing for ſome weeks to Paris, where ſhe might have abler aſſiſtance than our province could afford in thoſe moments of danger which ſhe ſoon expected. To this ſhe objected with earneſtneſs, from a variety of motives; but moſt of my neighbours applauded my reſolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchaſed the eſtate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was ſuch, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of truſting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and abſolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's conſent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at laſt conſented; and we removed to town accordingly.

For ſome time I ſcarce ever left our hotel: It was the ſame at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of thoſe ſcenes, tender and intereſting as they were, ſpread a ſort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual ſociety, by which the company of any third perſon could ſcarcely be

brooked. My wife had ſome of thoſe ſad preſages which women of her ſenſibility often feel in the condition ſhe was then in. All my attention and ſolicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I ſhall not live," ſhe would ſay, "to reviſit Santonges: but my Henry "will think of me there: In thoſe woods in "which we have ſo often walked, by that "brook to the fall of which we have liſtened "together, and felt in ſilence what language, "at leaſt what mine, my Love, could not "ſpeak."—The good Father was overpowered by the tenderneſs of the images that ruſhed upon his mind; and tears for a moment choked his utterence. After a ſhort ſpace he began, with a voice faultering and weak.

—"Pardon the emotion that ſtopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of ſo gentle a kind; the images her ſpeech recalled ſoftened my feelings into ſorrow; but I am not worthy of them.—Hear the confeſſion of my remorſe.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at laſt diſſipated by her ſafe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderneſs we gazed with inexpreſſible delight. Emilia ſuckled the infant herſelf, as well from the idea of duty and of pleaſure in tending it, as from

the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurſe to be truſted. We propoſed returning to the country as ſoon as the re-eſtabliſhment of her ſtrength would permit: Mean time, during her hours of reſt, I generally went out to finiſh the buſineſs which the truſt of my deceaſed friend had devolved upon me.

In paſſing through the Thuileries, in one of thoſe walks, I met my old companion Delaſerre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I ſcarce expected from my knowledge of his diſpoſition, or the length of time for which our correſpondence had been broke off. He had heard, he ſaid, accidentally of my being in town; but had ſought me for ſeveral days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the moſt afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded diſſipation and extravagance; and there were ſome ſtories to his prejudice which were only not believed from an unwillingneſs to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiariſed to baſeneſs; yet I found he ſtill poſſeſſed a kind of ſuperiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuſe, by forcing myſelf to think him leſs unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and ex-

preſſing his cordial ſatisfaction at the preſent happineſs I enjoyed, he preſſed me to ſpend that evening with him ſo earneſtly, that though I had made it a ſort of rule to be at home, I was aſhamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company conſiſted only of Delaſerre himſelf, and two other officers, one a good deal older than either of us, who had the croſs of St. Louis, and the rank of colonel, whom I thought the moſt agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingneſs with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different ſort of party where I was going, made me feel the preſent one doubly pleaſant. My ſpirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that conſtraint I was prepared for, roſe in proportion to the pleaſantry around me, and the perfect eaſe in which I found myſelf with this old officer, who had information, wit, ſentiment, every thing I valued moſt, and every thing I leaſt expected in a ſociety ſelected by Delaſerre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleaſure, an invitation from the colonel to ſup with him the evening after.

The company at his houſe I found enlivened by his ſiſter, and a friend of hers, a widow, who, though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impreſſed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When ſilent, there was a certain ſoftneſs in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expreſſion which her converſation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unuſed as I was to the little gallantries of faſhionable life, I rather wiſhed than hoped to make myſelf agreeable to her. She ſeemed, however, intereſted in my attentions and converſation; and in hers I found myſelf flattered at the ſame time and delighted. We played, againſt the inclination of this lady and me; and we won rather more than I wiſhed. Had I been as rich as Delaſerre, I ſhould have objected to the deepneſs of the ſtakes: but we were the only perſons of the company that ſeemed uneaſy at our ſucceſs, and we parted with the moſt cordial good humour. *Madame de Trenville*, (that was the widow's name), ſmiling to the colonel, aſked him to take his revenge at her houſe; and ſaid, with an air of equal modeſty and frankneſs, that as I had been the partner of her ſucceſs, ſhe hoped for the ho-

nour of my company, to take the chance of ſharing a leſs favourable fortune.

At firſt my wife had expreſſed her ſatisfaction at my finding amuſement in ſociety, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my abſence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almoſt every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the ſame, ſhe could not help expreſſing by her countenance her diſſatisfaction at my abſence. I perceived this at firſt with tenderneſs only, and next evening excuſed myſelf from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it uſed to be: thoughtful, but afraid to truſt one another with our thoughts, Emilia ſhewed her uneaſineſs in her looks; and I covered mine but ill with an aſſumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following Delaſerre called, and ſaw Emilia for the firſt time. He rallied me gently for breaking my laſt night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife inſiſted on my keeping. Her couſin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wiſh Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have ſtaid,

but for the ſhame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety; and Delaſerre was merry on the occaſion. Even my friend the colonel threw in a little raillery on the ſubject of marriage. 'Twas the firſt time I felt ſomewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

We played deeper and ſat later than formerly; but I was to ſhew myſelf not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I loſt conſiderably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I ſaw Emilia next morning, whoſe ſpirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct; and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did ſo. Delaſerre came to take me to his houſe to dinner. He obſerved as he went, that Emilia looked ill. "Going to the country will re-eſtabliſh her," ſaid I. "Do you leave Paris?" ſaid he.—"In a few days."—"Had I ſuch mo-"tives for remaining in it as you have."—"What motives?—"The attachment of ſuch "friends; but friendſhip is a cold word: the "attachment of ſuch a woman as de Tren-"ville." I know not how I looked; but he preſſed the ſubject no further: perhaps I was leſs offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that lady's houſe after dinner. She was dreſſed moſt elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had ſeen her. The party was more numerous than uſual; and there was more vivacity in it. The converſation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country manners, of country opinions, of the inſipidity of country enjoyments, was kept up with infinite ſpirit by Delaſerre, and moſt of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and ſometimes looked at me, as if the ſubject was too ſerious for her to be merry on. I was half aſhamed and half ſorry that I was going to the country; leſs uneaſy than vain at the preference that was ſhewn me.

I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to ſcreen myſelf from a diſcovery that might have ſaved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my viſits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of ſome perplexing incidents that had ariſen in the management of thoſe affairs with which I was intruſted. Her mind was too pure for ſuſpicion or for jealouſy. It was eaſy even for a novice in falſehood, like me, to deceive

her. But I had an able aſſiſtant in Delaſerre, who now reſumed the aſcendency over me he had formerly poſſeſſed; but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakneſs, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened, that juſt at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, propoſed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his ſleep. The young painter was pleaſed with the idea, provided ſhe would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the ſake of ſurpriſing me with the picture when it ſhould be finiſhed. That ſhe might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a ſort of ſatisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my abſence.

She knew not what during that abſence, was my employment. The ſlave of vice and of

profuſion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the moſt artful and worthleſs of women, and loſing the fortune that ſhould have ſupported my child and hers, to a ſet of cheats and villains. Such was the ſnare that Delaſerre and his aſſociates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generoſity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that ſhe was every way the victim of her affection for me. My firſt great loſſes at play ſhe pretended to reimburſe from her own private fortune, and then threw herſelf upon my honour, for relief from thoſe diſtreſſes into which I had brought her. After having exhauſted all the money I poſſeſſed, and all my credit could command, I would have ſtopped ſhort of ruin; but when I thought of returning in diſgrace and poverty to the place I had left reſpected and happy, I had not reſolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in deſperation, mortgaged the remains of my eſtate, and ſtaked the produce to recover what I had loſt, or to loſe myſelf. The event was ſuch as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my ſituation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me ſuch a reception

as ſuited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falſehood, and of that ruin to which ſhe had been employed to lead me, flaſhed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which ſhe received with the coolneſs of hardened vice, of experienced ſeduction. I ruſhed from her houſe, I knew not whither. My ſteps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I ſtopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had ſhrunk back ſome paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unſpeakable horror, and my knees ſmote each other. It was night; and the ſtreet was dark and ſilent around me. I threw myſelf down before the door, and wiſhed ſome ruffian's hand to eaſe me of life and thought together. At laſt the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, croſſed my diſordered mind; and a guſh of tenderneſs burſt from my eyes. I roſe, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up ſoftly to my wife's chamber. She was aſleep, with a night lamp burning by her, her child ſleeping on her boſom, and its little hand graſping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She ſmiled through her ſleep, and ſeemed to dream of happineſs. My brain

began to madden again; and as the miſery to which ſhe muſt wake croſſed my imagination, the horrible idea roſe within me,—I ſhudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myſelf!—I ſtretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclaſped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle preſſure wrung my heart; its ſoftneſs returned; I burſt into tears; but I could not ſtay to tell her of our ruin. I ruſhed out of the room; and gaining an obſcure hotel in a diſtant part of the town, wrote a few diſtracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence ſhould wipe out my offences, and my induſtry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which ſhe had never offended. Having ſent this, I left Paris on the inſtant, and had walked ſeveral miles from town before it was light. At ſun-riſe a ſtage coach overtook me. 'Twas going on the road to Breſt. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and ſat in ſullen and gloomy ſilence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with

ſeveral other paſſengers, regardleſs of food, and incapable of reſt. But the ſecond day I found my ſtrength fail; and when we ſtopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the paſſage of the inn. I was put to bed, it ſeems, and lay for more than a week in the ſtupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greateſt care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man miniſtered to my ſoul, as he had done to my body, that aſſiſtance and conſolation he eaſily diſcovered it to need. By his tender aſſiduities I was now ſo far recruited as to be able to breathe the freſh air at the window of a little parlour. As I ſat there one morning, the ſame ſtage-coach in which I had arrived, ſtopped at the door of the inn, when I ſaw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The ſight overpowered my weakneſs, and I fell lifeleſs from my ſeat. The incident brought ſeveral people into the room, and among others the young man himſelf. When they had reſtored me to ſenſe, I had recollection enough to deſire him to remain with me alone. It was ſome time before he recognized me; when he

did, with horror in his aſpect, after much heſitation, and the moſt ſolemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful ſequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The ſhock which my letter gave, the ſtate of weakneſs ſhe was then in, had not ſtrength to ſupport. The effects were, a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant periſhed with her. In the interval of reaſon preceding her death, ſhe called him to her bedſide; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her laſt breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveneſs to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I ſurvived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn ſtate in which my diſeaſe had left me. My heart was too weak to burſt; and there was a ſort of palſy on my mind that ſeemed inſenſible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before ſaved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that ſpot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever ſince remained. My ſtory is unknown; and they wonder at the ſeverity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.—But it is not by ſuffering alone that Heaven is reconciled: I endeavour, by

works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in its ſight. Bleſſed be God! I have attained the conſolation I wiſhed.—— Already, on my waſting days a beam of mercy ſheds its celeſtial light. The viſions of this flinty couch are changed to mildneſs. 'Twas but laſt night my Emilia beckoned me in ſmiles; this little cherub was with her!" —His voice ceaſed,—he looked on the picture; then towards Heaven; and a faint glow croſſed the paleneſs of his cheek. I ſtood aweſtruck at the ſight. The bell for veſpers tolled—he took my hand—I kiſſed his; and my tears began to drop on it.—" My ſon," ſaid " he, " to feelings like yours it may not be " unpleaſing to recall my ſtory:—If the world " allure thee, if vice enſnare with its plea- " ſures, or abaſh with its ridicule, think of " Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be hap- " py."

NUMBER IV.

Some beauty 's ſnatch'd each day, each hour ;
For beauty is a tempting flow'r :
Then anguiſh and decay conſume
The ſmiling virgin's roſy bloom.

ELIZA, OR THE UNFORTUNATE FAIR*.

I.

ELIZA was beyond compare
The pride of all the plain ;
Fair, yet belov'd by every fair,
Ador'd by every ſwain.

II.

Though nature had each charm combin'd
The beauteous maid to grace,
And bid the ſweetneſs of her mind
Stand pictur'd in her face ;

* We have been favoured by a correſpondent with the following Poem, who aſſures us that it never was printed before.

III.

Yet fortune, from her earlieſt years,
A fate diſaſt'rous wove,
And doom'd her to an age of tears
For one ſhort hour of love.

IV.

In childhood's helpleſs ſtate bereft
Of parents watchful care,
Her unexperienced youth was left
A prey to every ſnare.

V.

One only fault the maid poſſeſs'd,
If that a fault we deem;
A tender unſuſpecting breaſt,
Too laviſh of eſteem.

VI.

Unvers'd in woes that others find,
In wiles that others fear;
Artleſs herſelf, ſhe thought mankind
Were, like herſelf, ſincere.

VII.

But, ah! e'er yet the luckleſs maid
Had fifteen ſummers run,
Her faith, her honour, were betray'd,
Her virtue was undone.

VIII.

Blame not, ye fair, to cenſure prone,
Nor pity's tear expel;
Like her, had you temptation known,
Like her you might have fell.

IX.

Young Henry, with ſucceſsful art,
To win her favour ſtrove,
Long practis'd on her youthful heart,
And early gain'd her love.

X.

Fraught with each ſoft reſiſtleſs charm,
With each perſuaſive pow'r,
He ſtill'd diſcretion's kind alarm,
And crop'd the virgin flow'r.

XI.

Her orphan ſtate, her tender years,
Her pure unſpotted fame,
Serv'd but to huſh his guilty fears,
And fan his lawleſs flame.

XII.

By honour's dictates unreſtrain'd,
By faith nor juſtice ſway'd,
That confidence his vows obtain'd,
His perfidy betray'd.

XIII.

Like him too oft ungovern'd youth,
Whom wealth and honour crown,
For ſenſual pleaſures, forfeit truth,
For infamy, renown.

XIV.

Ah! can they laſting peace expect,
While thus, for tranſient joy,
That innocence they ſhould protect,
They labour to deſtroy.

XV.

Soon ſhall life's frolic era wing
Its ſwift, its rapid flight;
And haſt'ning age remorſe ſhall bring
For libertine delight.

XVI.

When thoughtleſs youth's career is o'er,
When health and vigour fail,
Pleaſure's gay phantoms charm no more;
And reaſon will prevail.

XVII.

The man whom virtue does not bind,
No real comfort knows;
Nor e'er enjoys that peace of mind
Which innocence beſtows.

XVIII.

In folly's moſt licentious ſcenes,
Amongſt its choiceſt hours,
Reproaching conſcience intervenes,
And every tranſport ſours.

XIX.

So poor Eliza's hapleſs fate
Fill'd Henry's breaſt with care;
Nor could the vain parade of ſtate
Protect him from deſpair.

XX.

He ſaw the beauties once he priz'd,
All wither in their bloom,
By lawleſs paſſion ſacrific'd
Untimely to the tomb.

XXI.

For how could injur'd honour look
Its author in the face;
Or how could ſuff'ring virtue brook
Invective and diſgrace.

XXII.

The partners of her youthful years,
Unpitying her diſtreſs,
Nor kindly help'd to dry her tears,
Nor try'd to make them leſs.

XXIII.

Her lov'd companions turn'd away,
To former friendſhip cold,
And left her in affliction's day,
Uncheriſh'd, unconſol'd.

XXIV.

So ever through the world we find
Each breaſt at woe recoils;
And all the favours of mankind
But laſt while fortune ſmiles.

XXV.

Too juſt, life's guilty joys t' indure,
Too weak its thorns to brave;
No friend but death ſhe could procure,
No comfort but the grave.

XXVI.

A while ſhe heav'n's forgiv'neſs pray'd,
For errors long confeſs'd;
Then ſought the ſolitary ſhade,
And ſilent ſunk to reſt.

XXVII.

Hard fortun'd ſex! in ev'ry ſtate,
From cuſtom's rigid power,
Years of remorſe can't expiate
One inadvertant hour.

XXVIII.

Unſkill'd in life's precarious way,
Should love their boſoms burn,
And yielding nature chance to ſtray,
They never can return.

XXIX.

In vain they, with repentant ſighs,
Their ſad experience mourn:
E'en thoſe who ought to ſympathiſe,
Abandon them with ſcorn.

XXX.

Say why, ye virgins, who beſtow
On all compaſſion's tear,
The pangs alone yourſelves may know,
You thus refuſe to cheer.

XXXI.

Oh! rather kindly condeſcend
To aid the drooping fair;
Your mercy with your juſtice blend,
And ſnatch them from deſpair.

XXXII.

Eliza's death when Henry heard,
He gave a piteous groan:
The cenſure of the world he fear'd;
But more he fear'd his own.

XXXIII.

In vain he flew to crowds and courts;
Guilt ev'ry bliſs deſtroys,
Intruded on his morning ſports,
And damp'd his ev'ning joys.

XXXIV.

At length, with conſtant grief o'ercome,
With anguiſh and diſmay,
He hied him to the lonely tomb
Which held Eliza's clay:

XXXV.

There, weeping o'er the turf-clad ground,
Of all exiſtence tir'd,
He caſt his ſtreaming eyes around,
And mournfully expir'd.

XXXVI.

Learn hence, ye youths, on earth's abode,
Though vice may ſometimes thrive,
Yet nought on earth's uncertain road
But virtue can ſurvive.

XXXVII.

And you, ye fair, with caution arm
'Gainſt man's perfidious arts;
Since youth and beauty vainly charm
When honour once departs.

XXXVIII.

Let Hymen's ſacred bands unite,
Where paſſion is declar'd,
Give ſanction to approv'd delight,
And authoriſe regard:

XXXIX.

So ſhall no rankling fears annoy,
No tears unceaſing flow;
Then ſhall you feel a mother's joy
Without remorſe or woe.

XL.

The pledges of connubial love
Shall all your youth engage;
And ſtill a ſource of comfort prove
To cheer declining age.

XLI.

Peace ſhall endure, whilſt thus you live,
That lot which Heav'n hath ſent;
To affluence, ſhall enjoyment give,
To poverty, content.

NUMBER V.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which ſhames all clamorous ſorrow.

STORY OF MR. WENTWORTH.

A VERY amiable and much reſpected friend of mine, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of *Wentworth*, had lately the misfortune of loſing a wife, who was not only peculiarly beautiful, but whoſe ſoul was the manſion of every virtue, and of every elegant accompliſhment. She was ſuddenly cut off in the flower of her age, after having lived twelve years with the beſt and moſt affectionate of huſbands. A perfect ſimilarity of temper and diſpoſition, a kindred delicacy of taſte and ſentiment, had linked their hearts together in early youth; and each ſucceeding year ſeemed but to add new ſtrength to their affection. Though poſſeſſed of an affluent fortune, they preferred the tranquillity of the country to all

the gay pleaſures of the capital. In the cultivation of their eſtate, in cheriſhing the virtuous induſtry of its inhabitants, in ornamenting a beautiful ſeat, in the ſociety of one another, in the innocent prattle of their little children, and in the company of a few friends, Mr. Wentworth and his Amelia found every wiſh gratified, and their happineſs complete.

My readers will judge then, what muſt have been Mr. Wentworth's feelings, when Amelia was thus ſuddenly torn from him, in the very prime of her life, and in the midſt of her felicity. I dreaded the effects of it upon a mind of his nice and delicate ſenſibility; and, receiving a letter from his brother, requeſting me to come to them, I haſted thither, to endeavour, by my preſence, to aſſuage his grief, and prevent thoſe fatal conſequences of which I was ſo apprehenſive.

As I approached the houſe, the ſight of all the well-known ſcenes brought freſh into my mind the remembrance of Amelia; and I felt myſelf but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter. When my carriage ſtopt at the gate, I trembled, and would have given the world to go back. A heart-felt ſorrow ſat on the countenance of every ſervant; and I walk-

ed into the houſe without a word being uttered. In the hall I was met by the old butler, who has grown grey-headed in the family, and he haſtened to conduct me up ſtairs. As I walked up, I commanded firmneſs enough to ſay, "Well, William, how is Mr. Wentworth?" The old man, turning about with a look that pierced my heart, ſaid, "Oh, "Sir, our excellent lady!"—Here his grief overwhelmed him; and it was with difficulty he was able to open to me the door of the apartment.

Mr. Wentworth ran and embraced me with the warmeſt affection; and, after a few moments, aſſumed a firmneſs, and even an eaſe, that ſurpriſed me. His brother, with a ſiſter of Amelia's, and ſome other friends that were in the room, appeared more overpowered than my friend himſelf, who, by the fortitude of his behaviour, ſeemed rather to moderate the grief of thoſe around him, than to demand their compaſſion for himſelf. By his gentle and kind attentions, he ſeemed anxious to relieve their ſorrow; and, by a ſort of concerted tranquillity, ſtrove to prevent their diſcovering any ſymptoms of the bitter anguiſh which preyed upon his mind. His countenance was pale, and his eyes betrayed that his heart was

ill at eaſe; but it was that ſilent and majeſtic ſorrow which commands our reverence and our admiration.

Next morning, after breakfaſt, I chanced to take up a volume of Metaſtaſio, that lay amongſt other books upon a table; and, as I was turning over the leaves, a ſlip of paper, with ſomething written on it, dropped upon the floor. Mr. Wentworth picked it up; and as he looked at it, I ſaw the tears ſtart from his eyes, and, fetching a deep ſigh, he uttered, in a low and broken voice, "*My poor* "*Amelia!*"—It was the tranſlation of a favourite paſſage which ſhe had been attempting, but had left unfiniſhed. As if uneaſy leſt I had perceived his emotion, he careleſly threw his arm over my ſhoulder, and, reading aloud a few lines of the page which I held open in my hand, he went into ſome remarks on the poetry of that elegant author. Some time after, I obſerved him take up the book, and carefully replacing the ſlip of paper where it had been, put the volume in his pocket.

Mr. Wentworth propoſed that we ſhould walk out, and that he himſelf would accompany us. As we ſtepped through the hall, one of my friend's youngeſt boys came running up, and catching his papa by the hand, cried out with joy, that "Mamma's Rover was

" returned." This was a ſpaniel, who had been the favourite of Amelia, and had followed her in all her walks; but after her death, had been ſent to the houſe of a villager, to be out of the immediate ſight of the family. Having ſomehow made its eſcape from thence, the dog had that morning found his way home; and, as ſoon as he ſaw Mr. Wentworth, leaped upon him with an exceſs of fondneſs. I ſaw my friend's lips and cheeks quiver. He catched his little Frank in his arms; and, for a few moments, hid his face in his neck.

As we traverſed his delightful grounds, many different ſcenes naturally recalled the remembrance of Amelia. My friend, indeed, in order to avoid ſome of her favourite walks, had conducted us an unuſual road; but what corner could be found that did not bear the traces of her hand? Her elegant taſte had marked the peculiar beauty of each different ſcene, and had brought it forth to view with ſuch a happy delicacy of art, as to make it ſeem the work of nature alone. As we croſſed certain paths in the woods, and paſſed by ſome ruſtic buildings, I could ſometimes diſcern an emotion in my friend's countenance; but he inſtantly ſtifled it with a firmneſs and dignity

that made me careful not to ſeem to obſerve it.

Towards night, Mr. Wentworth having ſtolen out of the room, his brother and I ſtepped out to a terrace behind the houſe. It was the duſk of the evening; the air was mild and ſerene; and the moon was riſing in all her brightneſs from the cloud of the eaſt. The fineneſs of the night made us extend our walk; and we ſtrayed into a hollow valley, whoſe ſides are covered with trees overhanging a brook that pours itſelf along over broken rocks. We approached a ruſtic grotto, placed in a ſequeſtered corner, under a half-impending rock. My companion ſtopped. "This," ſaid he, "was one of Amelia's walks; and "that grotto was her favourite evening re-"treat. The laſt night ſhe ever walked out, "and the very evening ſhe caught that fatal "fever, I was with my brother and her, "while we ſat and read to each other in that "very place." While he ſpoke, we perceived a man ſteal out of the grotto, and, avoiding us, take his way by a path through a thicket of trees on the other ſide. "It is my bro-"ther," ſaid young Wentworth; "he has "been here in his Amelia's favourite grove,

" indulging that grief he ſo carefully conceals
" from us."

We returned to the houſe, and found Mr. Wentworth with the reſt of the company. He forced on ſome converſation, and even affected a degree of gentle pleaſantry during the whole evening.

Such, in ſhort, is the noble deportment of my friend, that, in place of finding it neceſſary to temper and moderate his grief, I muſt avoid ſeeming to perceive it, and dare ſcarcely appear even to think of the heavy calamity which has befallen him. I too well know what he feels; but the more I know this, the more does the dignity of his recollection and fortitude excite my admiration, and command my ſilent attention and reſpect.

How very different is this dignified and reſerved ſorrow, from that weak and teazing grief which diſguſts, by its ſighs and tears, and clamorous lamentations? How much does ſuch noble fortitude of deportment call forth our regard and reverence? How much is a character in other reſpects eſtimable, degraded by a contrary demeanour! How much does the exceſſive, the importunate, and unmanly grief of Cicero, diminiſh the very high reſpect which we ſhould otherwiſe entertain for

the exalted character of that illuſtrious Roman?

Writers on practical morality have deſcribed and analyzed the paſſion of grief, and have pretended to preſcribe remedies for reſtoring the mind to tranquillity; but, I believe, little benefit has been derived from any thing they have adviſed. To tell a perſon in grief, that time will relieve him, is truly applying no remedy; and to bid him reflect how many others there may be who are more wretched, is a very inefficacious one. The truth is, that the exceſs of this, as well as of other paſſions, muſt be prevented rather than cured. It muſt be obviated, by our attaining that evenneſs and equality of temper, which can ariſe only from an improved underſtanding, and an habitual intercourſe with refined ſociety. Theſe will not, indeed, exempt us from the pangs of ſorrow, but will enable us to bear them with a noble grace and propriety, and will render the preſence of our friends (which is the only remedy) a very effectual cure.

This is well explained by a philoſopher, who is no leſs eloquent than he is profound. He juſtly obſerves, that we naturally, on all occaſions, endeavour to bring down our own paſſions, to that pitch which thoſe about us

can correſpond with. We view ourſelves in the light in which we they think they view us, and ſeek to ſuit our behaviour to what we think their feelings can go along with. With an intimate friend, acquainted with every circumſtance of our ſituation, we can, in ſome meaſure, give way to our grief, but are more calm than when by ourſelves. Before a common acquaintance, we aſſume a greater ſedateneſs. Before a mixed aſſembly, we affect a ſtill more conſiderable degree of compoſure. Thus, by the company of our friends at firſt, and afterwards, by mingling with ſociety, we come to ſuit our deportment to what we think they will approve of; we gradually abate the violence of our paſſion, and reſtore our mind to its wonted tranquillity.

Number VI.

Once more, with dance and ſong the hills reſound;
And in the hall, once more, the feſtive ſhell goes round.

THE CAROUSAL OF ODIN.

Fill the honey'd bev'rage high,
Fill the ſculls, 'tis Odin's cry:
Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?
" Fill the meath, and ſpread the board,
" Vaſſals of the griſly lord."—

The portal hinges grate,—they come,—
The din of voices rocks the dome.
In ſtalk the various forms, and dreſs'd
In various armour, various veſt,
With helm and morion, targe and ſhield.
Some quivering lances couch, ſome biting maces wield:
All march with haughty ſtep, all proudly ſhake the creſt.

The feaſt begins, the ſkull goes round,
Laughter ſhouts—the ſhouts reſound.

The guſt of war ſubſides—E'en now
The grim chief curls his cheek, and ſmooths
his rugged brow.

" Shame to your placid front, ye men of
" death !"
Cries Hilda with diſorder'd breath.
Hell echoes back her ſcoff of ſhame
To the inactive rev'ling champion's name.
" Call forth the ſong," ſhe ſcreamed ;—the
minſtrels came—
The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
Of ſhining beſt in field, and daring moſt in fight.

" Joy to the ſoul," the Harpers ſung.
" When embattl'd ranks among,
" The ſteel-clad knight, in vigour's bloom,
(" Banners waving o'er his plume)
" Foremoſt rides, the flower and boaſt
" Of the bold determin'd hoſt !"

With greedy ears the gueſts each note devour'd ;
Each ſtruck his beaver down, and graſp'd his
faithful ſword.
The fury mark'd th' auſpicious deed,
And bad the Scalds proceed.

" Joy to the ſoul ! a joy divine !
" When conflicting armies join ;

" When trumpets clang and bugles ſound;
" When ſtrokes of death are dealt around;
" When the ſword feaſts, yet craves for
" more;
" And every gauntlet drips with gore."

The charm prevail'd; up ruſhed the madden'd
throng,
Panting for carnage as they foam'd along:
Fierce Odin's ſelf led forth the frantic band,
To ſcatter havock wide o'er many a guilty land.

NUMBER VII.

——Go rule thy will;
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill.

ON ENCOURAGING VIRTUOUS LOVE.

THE paſſion of love poſſeſſes an influence on life ſo extenſive and important, that the moraliſt who takes it not into conſideration, is guilty of a great omiſſion. Virtuous love is not only attended with the ſweeteſt pleaſures which this life affords, but is highly conducive to the improvement of human nature. Like the ſun in the ſpring, whoſe warmth

calls forth the latent powers of vegetation, love excites and cheriſhes ſome of thoſe amiable diſpoſitions, which would otherwiſe have remained for ever in a concealed and a torpid ſtate. It often improves the underſtanding no leſs than the heart; and the transformation which Iphigenia is ſaid to have produced in Cymon, is neither unnatural nor uncommon.

But it ſeems to be a juſt complaint, that virtuous love is of late much leſs frequent than it has been, and than it ought to be. A very groſs paſſion, which uſurps the name of love, but which, inſtead of improving the heart or the faculties, degrades them both, is become more univerſal and more licentious. Where luſt and libertiniſm greatly prevail, the hearts of the people at large are too debauched to be able to entertain a virtuous paſſion for a ſingle object. Thus marriage is avoided as a reſtraint, or, if it is ſought, it is ſought from intereſt alone. But the greater part of women are not bleſt with the gifts of fortune. How then are they to be entered into a ſtate, for which God, and nature, and reaſon, and virtue, evidently deſigned them. Their whole dependence for nuptial felicity, and indeed for the accompliſhment of one great end of their exiſtence, muſt reſt on the power they

poſſeſs of exciting a virtuous affection: a poor dependence, according to the ſtate of morals in this age! for, with all the graces of perſonal beauty, and the ſuperior charms of delicacy and ſenſe, virtuous women will be ſlighted, and even deſpiſed, by the greater number of young men, who even glory in having blaſted the budding bloſſoms of love in the peſtilential air of a brothel, and who have ſacrificed thoſe firſt fine ſenſibilities, which return no more, to ſome infamous and impure proſtitute. So the roſe of beauty and of innocence is left to bloom and decay. He who ſhould admire it, love it, and take it to his boſom, turns away to cull the noiſome weed which ſtings him while he touches it, and ultimately poiſons both his body and his mind.

I wiſh it were in the power of the moraliſt to reſtore the rights of female innocence and beauty, and to relume the lamp of virtuous love. The virtue and happineſs of both ſexes would be greatly augmented by ſuch an event. It ſeems, indeed, that it would be peculiarly favourable to female dignity, upon which the good morals of the world greatly depend. For whatever authority the men may claim, experience has uniformly proved, that the affairs of the world are greatly influenced by the

women. If their minds are properly improved, and their ſentiments duly exalted, the great influence they poſſeſs will be directed to promote all that can render life more dignified and comfortable. But if they unite in increaſing profligacy, or do not exert themſelves to oppoſe it, that profligacy will be extreme. They ſhould openly profeſs, not only to purſue virtue, and all that is laudable in themſelves, but to value thoſe men moſt, who moſt excel in virtue and in laudable qualities. They may reſt aſſured, that, when they ceaſe to liſten to licentious love, they will be courted with all the ardour and veneration of a pure and a virtuous heart. They will riſe in the ideas of the lover, and will appear to deſerve the epithet of angelic, which he now often beſtows on them merely in deriſion.

The neglected ladies may confide, that the mutual paſſion of the ſexes is too powerful to be overcome by any human art. But it may be ill directed, and taught to defeat its natural purpoſe. And here it muſt be confeſſed, that the rare appearance of virtuous love, and the neglect which virtuous women experience in this age, are in a great meaſure imputable to the increaſe of female proſtitution. Young men are allowed great liberties by the fooliſh

indulgence of parents; and they cannot uſe thoſe liberties in walking the ſtreets, without being ſolicited to gratify and pall thoſe paſſions, which were meant to give ardour and perſeverance to a virtuous affection. It is but too probable, that the majority will liſten to the ſyren ſong; and the very firſt debauch will take off that keen edge of ſenſibility which would have led, to a laudable connection. In vain is ſome beautiful, accompliſhed, and innocent creature, recommended to the young heir by his parents, and her own beauty and merit. He declares himſelf averſe from marriage. But why? From reaſon and principle! The truth is, that he has loſt his ſenſibilities in the haunts of vice, and will not marry till a rottenneſs of bones, and a diſſipation of fortune, have rendered a nurſe and a dowry deſirable. But had he never fallen into the ſnares of the proſtitute, he would have retained his natural affection, and could not have reſiſted youth, beauty, and elegance united. Some happy maid who is now left to pine away in celibacy, would triumphantly have dragged the willing captive to the altar; but he has learned a degree of cunning in the regions of old Drury, which teaches him to defy beauty, and to deſpiſe the very idea of

matrimony, but as it may tend to the augmentation of his fortune. With his cunning, he has probably gained diſeaſes and debility, which are better adapted to raiſe a nauſea than to conciliate affection. The inference I mean to draw from theſe remarks is, that the public good requires, that the vigilance of the magiſtrate ſhould be faithfully exerted in diminiſhing the number of proſtitutes. Inſtead of which, it has been ſometimes inſinuated by the unprincipled politicians of this world, that they are politically neceſſary.

I cannot help thinking alſo, that the reſtraints of law, which, through the interpoſition of avarice and ambition, have been laid on marriage, have greatly contributed to diſcourage virtuous love, and to promote debauchery. The marriage act, it is ſaid, is juſtified by the example of foreign nations; but ſo alſo is arbitrary power; and there are few acts, which, in their nature and ſpirit, tend more to deſpotiſm than the marriage-act. But omitting to conſider it in a political light, I ſhall view it for a moment as it affects the morals of the ſexes. Men marry, and ought indeed to marry, from the influence of love, as well as from the dictates of prudence. Let us then ſuppoſe the caſe of two young and

virtuous perſons powerfully ſtruck with each others agreeable qualities, and deeply in love. If they could be married without delay, and without a tedious attention to a variety of troubleſome and expenſive formalities, it is highly probable they would immediately marry. If they have not ſelf-command, the conſequence of being obliged to poſtpone a legal union, are ſuch as terminate in ſhame and ruin. If they reſolve to go through all the forms of the marriage-act, and to wait years for the accompliſhment of their wiſhes (ſince poor human nature cannot conſiſtently keep alive any of its better paſſions during a very long time), the lover cools, or finds new objects, or learns to gratify his ſenſual appetites where no reſtraints are required. The maid is forſaken, and the lover corrupted. Had they been married, both might have been happy, and uſeful members of ſociety. Marriage tends greatly to promote virtue of every ſort; not only as it furniſhes a lawful and natural mode of gratifying the paſſions; but as it calls forth induſtry, and renders a good character and the eſteem of others deſirable, becauſe neceſſary to the ſupport of a family. But though I will venture to aſſert, that the multiplication of reſtraints on the proper intercourſe of the

ſexes, naturally tends to promote an improper intercourſe (ſince an intercourſe there muſt be); yet I will add, that alterations in an act, in which the domeſtic happineſs of every family in the kingdom is intereſted, ſhould not take place, but after the cooleſt deliberation, and the teſtimony of long and deciſive experience. Villains, there is no doubt, will avail themſelves of a freedom from reſtraint, to allure the incautious female into matrimony, merely for the ſake of her fortune, which will perhaps be expended in ſupporting a courteſan. Surely ſome precaution muſt be taken by human laws to prevent this cruel ſpecies of robbery. To rob a father of his child, and then to forſake or injure that child!—none but a father can feel the agonizing pang that riſes on the reflection.

The beſt method of increaſing virtuous love, is to pay peculiar attention to the moral and religious education of both the ſexes. Polite and learned accompliſhments are often attended to in ſuch a manner, as to exclude the formation of virtuous principles. As to the education of girls in particular, it has been ſeverely, though truly ſaid, that many of them are trained as if they were to be proſtitutes by profeſſion. They are often left unacquainted

with economical management, or with any one art that can render them uſeful. The higher claſſes are totally at a loſs even in the firſt management of their offspring; and it is not to be wondered at, if they who know not how to be wives, are ſoon degraded to the rank of harlots. A proper education, conſiſting of moral, religious, literate, and economical inſtruction, cannot fail to make them ſet a due value on themſelves, and to enable them to purſue the methods moſt conſiſtent with their dignity and happineſs. She who is taught to ſay her prayers with conſtancy and devotion, and to value the teſtimony of a good conſcience, will at once be rendered a fitter object of virtuous love, and leſs inclined to encourage any other. She will be reſpected, as well as loved, as capable of becoming a valuable wife; and not merely courted with the wantonneſs of tranſitory deſire, to which a long indifference and diſguſt frequently ſucceed.

The women, it muſt be owned, are in this age greatly their own enemies. It is a juſt complaint, that the men are leſs ſenſible of their beauty and accompliſhments than they ought to be. But it muſt be remembered, that ſuch is the nature of man, that he de-

ſpiſes every good which is too obvious and too plentiful. The women have confeſſedly laid aſide *reſerve*. The men have, by a natural conſequence, ſuſpended their admiration. Eaſe and forwardneſs of addreſs, and exceſſive familiarity, are eſtabliſhed by the law of faſhion; and neglect and contempt follow by the law of nature. Woman was deſigned to be purſued, and not to purſue. A veil increaſes beauty; and reſerve both exalts and preſerves love, by mixing it with reſpect. Where there is no reſpect, there is no virtuous love. What looks like it, is a devil in an angel's form, even luſt: an indelicate name indeed; but let it be remembered, that to beſtow good names on bad things, is to give them a paſſport in the world, under a deluſive diſguiſe.

The underſtandings of women are perhaps in every reſpect equal to thoſe of men, when equally cultivated. It requires indeed no great ſhare of ſagacity to perceive, that they are greatly intereſted in diffuſing among the men the ardour and ſincerity of a virtuous love. Their underſtandings and hearts are both well able to accompliſh this important purpoſe. I offer only imperfect hints. They will improve upon them, and ſhew their utility by giving them real efficacy. I doubt not but

that, upon reflection, they will be as desirous as they are able, to stop the progress of female corruption, by means very different from the establishment of polygamy.

NUMBER VIII.

——forgive the wrong;
While I, with tears, her fate rehearse,
I'll join in pity's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY *.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

* The unfortunate lady here celebrated, is said to have been a woman of eminent rank and large fortune. She was under the guardianship of an uncle, who, upon discovering her attachment to a young gentleman of inferior fortune, sent her abroad to break off the correspondence. Her lover however took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted, and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance; till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she bribed a servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd;
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell;
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprang from your bleſt abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life that burn a length of years,
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like eaſtern kings a lazy ſtate they keep;
And, cloſe confined to their own palace, ſleep.

From theſe perhaps (e'er Nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky:
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!

See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before;
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall.
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates.
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh ever-injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid!
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!

What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with humble flow'rs be dreſt:
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy relics made.
So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the praiſ'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;

Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

NUMBER IX.

Of mortal juſtice if thou ſcorn the rod;
Believe and tremble, thou art judg'd of God.

AMURATH, AN EASTERN STORY.

By which of the Indian ſages of antiquity the following ſtory was written, or whether the people of the Eaſt have any remote tradition upon which it is founded, is not known? But it was probably related in the firſt perſon, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful: nor would it perhaps appear altogether incredible to people among whom the Metempſychoſis is an article of faith; and the viſible agency of ſuperior beings admitted without ſcruple.

Amurath, Sultan of the Eaſt, the judge of nations, the diſciple of adverſity, records the wonders of his life: let thoſe who preſumptu-

ouſly queſtion the ways of providence, bluſh in ſilence, and be wiſe; let the proud be humble, and obtain honour; and let the ſenſual reform, and be happy.

The angel of death cloſed the eyes of the ſultan Abradin my father; and his empire deſcended to me, in the eighteenth year of my age. At firſt my mind was awed to humility, and ſoftened with grief; I was inſenſible to the ſplendor of dominion; I heard the addreſſes of flattery with diſguſt, and received the homage of dependent greatneſs with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love, but reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting inſtances of his tenderneſs, and reviewing the ſolemn ſcene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and graſped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myſelf all day in his chamber, I viſited his grave: I proſtrated myſelf on his tomb: ſorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my boſom. I felt myſelf ſuddenly ſmitten on the ſhoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man, whoſe eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than ſnow. "I "am," ſaid he, "the genius Syndarac, the

" friend of thy father Abradin, who was the " fear of his enemies, and the deſire of his " people; whoſe ſmile diffuſed gladneſs like " the luſtre of the morning, and whoſe frown " was dreadful as the gathering of a tem- " peſt: reſign thyſelf to my influence, and " thou ſhalt be like him." I bowed myſelf to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience; and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightneſs. " This ring," ſaid he, " ſhall mark out to " thee the boundaries of good and evil; that " without weighing remote conſequences, thou " mayeſt know the nature and tendency of " every action. Be attentive, therefore, to " the ſilent admonition; and when the cir- " cle of gold ſhall by a ſudden contraction " preſs thy finger, and the ruby ſhall grow " pale, deſiſt immediately from what thou " ſhalt be doing, and mark down that action " in thy memory as a tranſgreſſion of the rule " of right: keep my gift as a pledge of hap- " pineſs and honour; and take it not off for a " moment." I received the ring with a ſenſe of obligation which I ſtrove to expreſs, and an aſtoniſhment that compelled me to be ſilent. The genius perceived my confuſion, and

turning from me with a ſmile of complacency, immediately diſappeared.

During the firſt moon I was ſo cautious and circumſpect, that the pleaſure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was leſſened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myſelf to public buſineſs; my melancholy decreaſed as my mind was diverted to other objects; and leſt the youth of my court ſhould think that recreation was too long ſuſpended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the ſport rather to gratify others than myſelf, yet my uſual ardour returned in the field; I grew warm in the purſuit; I continued the chace, which was unſucceſsful, too long, and returned fatigued and diſappointed.

As I entered the ſeraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expreſſed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand: but as I was not diſpoſed to receive his careſſes, I ſtruck him, in the fretfulneſs of my diſpleaſure, ſo ſevere a blow with my foot, that it left him ſcarce power to crawl away and hide himſelf under a ſopha in a corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring preſs

my finger; and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

I was at firſt ſtruck with ſurpriſe and regret; but ſurpriſe and regret quickly gave way to diſdain. "Shall not the ſultan Amu-"rath," ſaid I, "to whom a thouſand kings "pay tribute, and in whoſe hand is the life "of nations, ſhall not Amurath ſtrike a dog "that offends him, without being reproached "for having tranſgreſſed the rule of right?" My ring again preſſed my finger, and the ruby became more pale: Immediately the palace ſhook with a burſt of thunder, and the genius Syndarac again ſtood before me.

"Amurath," ſaid he, "thou haſt offended "againſt thy brother of the duſt; a being "who, like thee, has received from the Al-"mighty a capacity of pleaſure and pain; "pleaſure which caprice is not allowed to "ſuſpend, and pain which juſtice only has a "right to inflict. If thou art juſtified by "power, in afflicting inferior beings, I ſhould "be juſtified by afflicting thee: but my power "yet ſpares thee, becauſe it is directed by "the laws of ſovereign goodneſs, and becauſe "thou mayeſt yet be reclaimed by admoni-"tion. But yield not to the impulſe of quick "reſentment; nor indulge in cruelty the for-

" wardneſs of diſguſt, leſt by the laws of " goodneſs I be compelled to afflict thee; for " he that ſcorns reproof, muſt be reformed by " puniſhment, or loſt for ever."

At the preſence of Syndarac I was troubled; and his words covered me with confuſion: I fell proſtrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent: " Expect not " henceforth that I ſhould anſwer the de- " mands of arrogance, or gratify the ſecu- " rity of ſpeculation: confide in my friend- " ſhip, and truſt implicitly to thy ring."

As the chace had produced ſo much infelicity, I did not repeat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and muſic. I had given leave that all ceremony ſhould be ſuſpended; and that the company ſhould treat me, not as a ſovereign, but as an equal; becauſe the converſatiou would otherwiſe be encumbered or reſtrained; and I encouraged others to pleaſantry, by indulging the luxuriancy of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not ſufficient magnanimity to deſpiſe them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was ſecretly offended at Alibeg my viſier, who endeavoured to prevail upon the aſſembly to-

enjoy the liberty that had been given them; and was himſelf an example of the conduct that he recommended. I fingled out as the ſubject of my raillery, the man who alone deſerved my approbation: he believed my condeſcenſion to be ſincere; and imagined that he was ſecuring my favour by that behaviour which had incurred my diſpleaſure: He was therefore grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my ſucceſs; but my attention was ſuddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I deſiſted for a moment; but ſome of my courtiers having diſcovered and ſeconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my reſentment gratified: I endeavoured to waſh away the remembrance of my ring with wine; my ſatire became more bitter, and Alibeg diſcovered yet greater diſtreſs. My ring again reproached me; but I ſtill perſevered: The viſier was at length rouſed to his defence; probably he had diſcovered and deſpiſed my weakneſs. His replies were ſo poignant, that I became outrageous, and deſcended from raillery to invective. At length, diſguiſing the anguiſh of his mind with a ſmile, "Amurath," ſaid he, "if the ſultan

" ſhould know, that after having invited your " friends to feſtivity and merriment, you had " aſſumed his authority, and inſulted thoſe " who were not aware that you diſdained to " be treated with the familiarity of friendſhip, " you would certainly fall under his diſplea- " ſure." The ſeverity of this ſarcaſm, which was extorted by long provocation, from a man warmed with wine, ſtung me with intolerable rage: I ſtarted up; and, ſpurning him from the table, was about to draw my poignard, when my attention was again called to my ring; and I perceived, with ſome degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almoſt to a perfect white.

But inſtead of reſolving to be more watchful againſt whatever might bring me under this ſilent reproof, I comforted myſelf, that the genius would no more alarm me with his preſence. The irregularities of my conduct increaſed almoſt imperceptibly; and the intimations of my ring became proportionably more frequent, though leſs forcible; till at laſt they were ſo familiar, that I ſcarce remarked when they were given, and when they were ſuſpended.

It was ſoon diſcovered, that I was pleaſed with ſervility. Servility, therefore was prac-

tiſed; and I rewarded it ſometimes with a penſion, and ſometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdoms was left to petty tyrants, who oppreſſed the people to enrich themſelves. In the mean time, I filled my ſeraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myſelf to ſenſuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which ariſes from eſteem. But I had not yet ſtained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My reſentment againſt Alibeg, however unjuſt, was inflexible, and terminated in the moſt perfect hatred. I degraded him from his office; but I ſtill kept him at court, that I might imbitter his life by perpetual indignities; and practiſe againſt him new ſchemes of malevolence.

Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only by his death; but the pleaſure and the dignity that Alibeg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpoſe. Yet ſuch was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with deſire; and ſuch was her wit, that I liſtened with delight. I therefore reſolved, that I would if poſſible ſeduce her to voluntary proſtitution

and that, when her beauty ſhould yield to the charm of variety, I would diſmiſs her with marks of diſgrace. But in this attempt I could not ſucceed; my ſolicitations were rejected, ſometimes with tears, and ſometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by ſeeking to bring calamity upon others. I conſidered my diſappointment as the triumph of a ſlave, whom I wiſhed, but did not dare to deſtroy; and I regarded his daughter as the inſtrument of my diſhonour. Thus the tenderneſs, which before had often ſhaken my purpoſe, was weakened; my deſire of beauty became as ſelfiſh and as ſordid an appetite as my deſire of food; and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my luſt, and my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She reſided, by my command, in an apartment of the ſeraglio; and I entered her chamber at midnight, by a private door, of which I had a key; but with inexpreſſible vexation I found it empty. To be thus diſappointed in my laſt attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had inſured ſucceſs, diſtracted me with rage; and inſtead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my de-

ſign, I called for her women. They ran in, pale and trembling. I demanded the lady. They gazed at me aſtoniſhed and terrified; and then, looking upon each other, ſtood ſilent: I repeated my demand with fury and execration; and, to enforce it, called aloud for the miniſters of death. They then fell proſtrate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where ſhe was; that they had left her, when they were diſmiſſed for the night, ſitting on a ſofa, penſive and alone; and that no perſon had ſince, to their knowledge, paſſed in or out of her apartment.

In this account, however incredible, they perſiſted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confuſion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my reſentment. I reviewed the tranſactions of the night with anguiſh and regret, and bewildered myſelf among the innumerable poſſibilities that might have produced my diſappointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apartment were open; and I imagined that ſhe might that way have eſcaped into the gardens of the ſeraglio. But why ſhould ſhe eſcape who had never been confined? If ſhe had deſigned to depart, ſhe

might have departed by day. Had ſhe an aſſignation? and did ſhe intend to return, without being known to have been abſent? This ſuppoſition increaſed my torment; becauſe, if it was true, Selima had granted to my ſlave, that which ſhe had refuſed to me. But as all theſe conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her abſence a pretence to deſtroy her father.

In the morning I gave orders that he ſhould be ſeized, and brought before me; but while I was yet ſpeaking, he entered, and proſtrating himſelf, thus anticipated my accuſation: "May the ſultan Amurath, in whoſe wrath "the angel of death goes forth, rejoice for "ever in the ſmile of heaven! Let the wretched Alibeg periſh; but let my lord remember Selima with mercy: let him diſmiſs "the ſlave in whom he ceaſes to delight." I heard no more; but cried out, "Dareſt thou "to mock me with a requeſt, to diſmiſs the "daughter whom thou haſt ſtolen! thou whoſe "life, that has been ſo often forfeited, I have "yet ſpared! Reſtore her within one hour, "or affronted mercy ſhall give thee up." "O!" ſaid he, "let not the mighty ſovereign "of the Eaſt ſport with the miſery of the

" weak: If thou haſt doomed us to death, let " us die together."

Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I reſolved to perſiſt in requiring her at his hands; and therefore diſmiſſed him with a repetition of my commands, to produce her within an hour, upon pain of death.

My ring, which, during this ſeries of events, had given perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always diſregarded, now preſſed my finger ſo forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and gave way to the diſcontent that ſwelled my boſom. " How wretched a ſlave is " Amurath to an inviſible tyrant! a being, " whoſe malevolence or envy has reſtrained " me in the exerciſe of my authority as a " prince; and whoſe cunning has contrived " perpetually to inſult me, by intimating that " every action of my life is a crime! How " long ſhall I groan under this intolerable op- " preſſion? This accurſed ring is the badge " and the inſtrument of my ſubjection and diſ- " honour: He who gave it, is now perhaps " in ſome remote region of the air; perhaps " he rolls ſome planet in its orbit, agitates

" the ſouthern ocean with a tempeſt, or ſhakes
" ſome diſtant region with an earthquake; but
" wherever he is, he has ſurely a more im-
" portant employ than to watch my conduct.
" Perhaps he has contrived this taliſman only
" to reſtrain me from the enjoyment of ſome
" good, which he wiſhes to with-hold. I feel
" that my deſires are controuled; and to gra-
" tify theſe deſires is to be happy." As I pro-
nounced theſe words, I drew off the ring, and
threw it to the ground with diſdain and indig-
nation. Immediately the air grew dark; a
cloud burſt in thunder over my head; and the
eye of Syndarac was upon me. I ſtood before
him motionleſs and ſilent; horror thrilled in
my veins, and my hair ſtood upright. I had
neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to
confeſs my faults. In his countenance there was
a calm ſeverity; and I heard him pronounce
theſe words: " Thou haſt now, as far as it is
" in thy own power, thrown off humanity,
" and degraded thy being: Thy form, there-
" fore, ſhall no longer conceal thy nature, nor
" thy example render thy vices contagious."
He then touched me with his rod: and, while
the ſound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears,
I found myſelf in the midſt of a deſert, not in
the form of a man, but of a monſter, with

the fore parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was ſtill conſcious to every event of my life; and my intellectual powers were continued, though my paſſions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the ſand in an agony not to be deſcribed; and now haſtily traverſed the deſert, impelled only by the vain deſire of flying from myſelf. I now bellowed with rage, and now howled in deſpair; this moment I breathed execration againſt the genius, and the next reproached myſelf for having forfeited his friendſhip.

By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were ſoon exhauſted: I crawled into a den, which I perceived near me, and immediately ſunk down in a ſtate of inſenſibility. I ſlept; but ſleep, inſtead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The genius ſtill terrified me with his preſence; I heard his ſentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, I was not refreſhed; calamity, though it is compelled to admit ſlumber, can yet exclude reſt. But I was now rouzed by hunger; for hunger, like ſleep, is irreſiſtible.

I went out in ſearch of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of miſery, beſide the hope of

ſatisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I ſhould meet, and inflicting ſome part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my puniſhment, I did not repent of my crimes; and as I imagined Syndarac would now neither mitigate nor increaſe my ſufferings, I was not reſtrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my diſpoſition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the deſtruction of others, I trembled leſt by ſome ſtronger ſavage I ſhould be deſtroyed myſelf.

In the midſt of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horſes, and the ſhouts of the hunters; and ſuch is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart ſunk within me at the ſound. To hide myſelf was impoſſible; and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or reſiſt. I ſtood ſtill till they came up. At firſt they gazed at me with wonder; and doubted whether they ſhould advance; but at length a ſlave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidſt the noiſe and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have hid themſelves at

my preſence. I heard the ſound of muſic at a diſtance. The heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my ſtead. I was now deſerted by the multitude, whoſe curioſity was diverted by the pomp of the proceſſion; and was conducted to the place where other ſavages are kept, which cuſtom has conſidered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black ſlave, whom I did not remember ever to have ſeen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal preſumption to have ſtood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was reſtored, he diſcovered in me ſuch tokens of ferocity, that he ſuffered me to faſt many hours before I was again fed. I was ſo enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me; ſo that he found it neceſſary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain ſuch an aſcendency over me, as was ſuitable to his office. By this ſlave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famiſhed; till the fierceneſs of my diſpoſition being ſuppreſſed by fear and languor, a milder temper inſenſibly ſtole upon me; and a demeanour that was begun by conſtraint, was continued by habit.

I was now treated with leſs ſeverity, and ſtrove to expreſs ſomething like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindneſs. His vanity was flattered by my ſubmiſſion; and, to ſhew, as well his courage as the ſucceſs of his diſcipline, he ventured ſometimes to careſs me in the preſence of thoſe whoſe curioſity brought them to ſee me. A kind of friendſhip thus imperceptibly grew between us; and I felt ſome degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tiger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my proviſion, and leaping upon him, would inſtantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not ſeized the ſavage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground. The ſlave preſently diſpatched him with his dagger, and turned about to careſs his deliverer; but ſtarting ſuddenly backward, he ſtood motionleſs with aſtoniſhment, perceiving that I was no longer a monſter, but a dog.

I was myſelf conſcious of the change which had again paſſed upon me; and leaping out of my den, eſcaped from my confinement. This transformation I conſidered as the reward of my fidelity; and was perhaps never more happy than in the firſt moments of my eſcape;

for I reflected, that as a dog my liberty was not only reſtored, but inſured; I was no longer ſuſpected of qualities which rendered me unfit for ſociety. I had ſome faint reſemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals; and therefore hoped to be more generally careſſed. But it was not long before this joy ſubſided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was ſtill at an immeaſurable diſtance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the power who had once more brought me within the circle of nature. As a brute, I was more thankful for a mitigation of puniſhment, than as a king I had been for offers of the higheſt happineſs and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can juſtly eſtimate the bounties of Heaven?

As ſoon as the firſt tumult of my mind was paſt, I felt an irreſiſtible inclination once more to viſit the apartments of my ſeraglio. I placed myſelf behind an emir, whom I knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow him into the preſence. The perſons and the place, the retroſpection of my life which they produced, and the compariſon of what I was with what I had been, almoſt overwhelmed me. I went unobſerved

into the garden, and lay down under the ſhade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge thoſe reflections, which, though they oppreſſed me with melancholy, I did not wiſh to loſe.

I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the ſame that I ſpurned from me when he careſſed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now ſmote me; and I ſaid to myſelf: "Doſt thou know me under this diſ-"guiſe? Is thy fidelity to thy lord unſhaken? "Cut off as I am from the converſe of man-"kind, haſt thou preſerved for me an affec-"tion, which I once ſo lightly eſteemed, and "requited with evil? This forgetfulneſs of in-"jury, and this ſteady friendſhip, are they leſs "than human, or are they more?" I was not prevented by theſe reflections from returning the careſſes that I received; and Alibeg, who juſt then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I ſhould not be turned out.

In the ſeraglio I ſoon learned, that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and that Alibeg had been choſen to ſucceed me, by the unanimous voice of the people; but I gained no intelli-

gence of Selima, whoſe apartment I found in the poſſeſſion of another, and for whom I had ſearched every part of the palace in vain. I became reſtleſs; every place was irkſome; a deſire to wander prevailed; and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a ſycamore-tree, and ſlept.

In the morning, I beheld with ſurpriſe, a wall of marble that ſeemed to reach to heaven, and gates that were ſculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inſcribed in letters of gold, "Within this wall "liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete: "Nature is not oppreſſed by the tyranny of "religion, nor is pleaſure awed by the frown "of virtue. The gate is obedient to thy wiſh, "whoſoever thou art; enter therefore, and be "happy."

When I read this inſcription, my boſom throbbed with tumultuous expectation; but my deſire to enter was repreſſed by the reflection that I had loſt the form, in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Deſire and curioſity were notwithſtanding predominant. The door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it cloſed after me.

But my ears were now ſtunned with the diſſonance of riot, and my eye ſickened at the contortions of miſery: Diſeaſe was viſible in every countenance, however otherwiſe impreſſed with the character of rage, of drunkenneſs, or of luſt. Rape and murder, revelling and ſtrife, filled every ſtreet, and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumſpection; for I imagined, that I could no otherwiſe eſcape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whoſe propenſity to ill was reſtrained by no law, and I perceived too late, that to puniſh vice is to promote happineſs.

It was now evening; and that I might paſs the night in greater ſecurity, I quitted the public walk, and perceiving a houſe that was incircled by a mote, I ſwam over to it, and choſe an obſcure corner of the area for my aſylum. I heard from within the ſound of dancing and muſic; but after a ſhort interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the ſhrieks of terror, and the wailings of diſtreſs. The window of the banqueting room flew open; and ſome veniſon was thrown out, which fell juſt at my feet. As I had eaten nothing ſince my departure from the ſeraglio, I regard-

ed this as a fortunate accident; and after the pleaſure of an unexpected repaſt, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear. But in a ſhort time many perſons ruſhed from the houſe with lights, and ſeemed ſolicitous to gather up the veniſon which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the ſame time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately ſeized, and led into the houſe; but as I could not diſcover that I was the object either of malignity or kindneſs, I was in doubt what would be the iſſue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was reſolved; for I ſoon learned from the diſcourſe of thoſe about me, that I was ſuſpected to have eaten poiſon, which had been intended for another, and was ſecured, that the effects might either remove or confirm my ſuſpicion. As it was not expected that the poiſon would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myſelf, where I reflected upon the cauſe and the event of my confinement, with inexpreſſible anguiſh, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a ſudden light ſhone round me; and I found myſelf once more in the preſence of the genius. I crawled towards

him trembling and confounded; but not utterly without hope. "Yet a few moments," ſaid he, "and the angel of death ſhall teach thee, "that the wants of nature cannot be ſupplied "with ſafety, where the inordinate appetites "of vice are not reſtrained. Thy hunger re-"quired food; but the luſt and revenge of "others have given thee poiſon." My blood grew chill as he ſpake; I diſcovered and abhorred my folly: but while I wiſhed to expreſs my contrition, I fell down in an agony, my eyes failed me, I ſhivered, was convulſed, and expired.

That ſpark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench, roſe up from the duſt which had thus been reſtored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new ſtate of exiſtence I entered with inexpreſſible delight; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of ſafety, but of the favour of Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever ſolicitous to pleaſe. I flew immediately from the window; and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to riſe above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedneſs were complicated in every object, and which I now deteſted as much as before I had deſired. But

over this region a ſulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no ſooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had ſcarce ſtrength to keep my wings ſufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight; and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared ſome faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehenſion; as it ſeemed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than the receſs of luxury. But leſt the noiſe of my wings ſhould diſcover me to any hateful or miſchievous inhabitant of this gloomy ſolitude, I entered in ſilence, and upon my feet. As I went forward, the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was ſuſpended from the roof, I diſcovered a hermit liſtening to a young lady, who ſeemed to be greatly affected with the events which ſhe was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge; but the lady I diſcerned to be Selima. I was ſtruck with amazement at this diſcovery; I remembered with the deepeſt contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now ſecretly rejoiced that ſhe had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmoſt impatience of curioſity, and ſhe continued her narrative.

" I was ſitting on a ſopha one evening af-
" ter I had been careſſed by Amurath, and my
" imagination kindled as I muſed. Why,
" ſaid I aloud, ſhould I give up the delights
" of love with the ſplendor of royalty? Since
" the preſumption of my father has prevented
" my marriage, why ſhould I not accept the
" bleſſings that are ſtill offered? Why is de-
" ſire reſtrained by the dread of ſhame? and
" why is the pride of virtue offended by the
" ſoftneſs of nature? Immediately a thick
" cloud ſurrounded me; I felt myſelf lifted
" up and conveyed through the air with in-
" credible rapidity. I deſcended; the cloud
" diſſipated; and I found myſelf ſitting in an
" alcove, by the ſide of a canal that encircled
" a ſtately edifice and a ſpacious garden. I
" ſaw many perſons paſs along; but diſco-
" vered in all ſomething either diſſolute or
" wretched, ſomething that alarmed my fears,
" or excited my pity. I ſuddenly perceived
" many men with their ſwords drawn, con-
" tending for a woman, who was forced along
" irreſiſtibly by the crowd, which moved di-
" rectly towards the place in which I was ſit-
" ting. I was terrified, and looked round
" me with eagerneſs, to ſee where I could re-
" treat for ſafety. A perſon richly dreſſed

" perceived my diſtreſs, and invited me into
" the houſe which the canal ſurrounded. Of
" this invitation I haſtily accepted with gra-
" titude and joy; but I ſoon remarked ſeve-
" ral incidents which filled me with new per-
" plexity and apprehenſion. I was welcom-
" ed to a place, in which infamy and honour
" were equally unknown; where every wiſh
" was indulged without the violation of any
" law, and where the will was therefore de-
" determined only by appetite. I was pre-
" ſently ſurrounded by women, whoſe beha-
" viour covered me with bluſhes; and though
" I rejected the careſſes of the perſon into whoſe
" power I was delivered, yet they became jealous
" of the diſtinction with which he treated me.
" My expoſtulations were not heard, and my
" tears were treated with merriment. Prepa-
" rations were made for revelling and jollity:
" I was invited to join the dance; and upon
" my refuſal was entertained with muſic. In
" this dreadful ſituation, I ſighed thus to my-
" ſelf: How ſevere is that juſtice, which
" tranſports thoſe who form licentious wiſhes,
" to a ſociety in which they are indulged
" without reſtraint! Who ſhall deliver me
" from the effects of my own folly? who ſhall
" defend me againſt the vices of others? At

" this moment I was thus encouraged by the
" voice of ſome inviſible being: 'The friends
" of virtue are mighty; reject not their pro-
" tection, and thou art ſafe.' As I renounced
" the preſumptuous wiſh which had once pol-
" luted my mind, I exulted in this intimation
" with an aſſurance of relief; and when ſup-
" per was ſet before me, I ſuffered the princi-
" pal lady to ſerve me with ſome veniſon;
" but the friendly voice having warned me
" that it was poiſoned, I fell back in my ſeat,
" and turned pale. The lady enquired ear-
" neſtly what had diſordered me; but inſtead
" of making a reply, I threw the veniſon from
" the window, and declared that ſhe had in-
" tended my death. The maſter of the table,
" who perceived the lady to whom I ſpoke
" change countenance, was at once convinced
" that ſhe had indeed attempted to poiſon me,
" to preſerve that intereſt which as a rival
" ſhe feared I ſhould ſubvert. He roſe up in
" a rage, and commanded the veniſon to be
" produced; a dog that was ſuppoſed to have
" eaten it was brought in; but before the
" event could be known, the tumult was be-
" come general; and my rival, after having
" ſuddenly ſtabbed her patron, plunged the
" ſame poignard in her own boſom.

"In the midſt of this confuſion, I found "means to eſcape, and wandered through the "city in ſearch of ſome obſcure receſs, where, "if I received not the aſſiſtance which I hop-"ed, death at leaſt might ſecure my perſon "from violation, and cloſe my eyes on thoſe "ſcenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me "not only with diſguſt, but with horror. By "that benevolent power, who, as a preſerva-"tive from miſery, has placed in us a ſecret "and irreſiſtible diſapprobation of vice, my "feet have been directed to thee, whoſe vir-"tue has participated in my diſtreſs, and "whoſe wiſdom may effect my deliverance."

I gazed upon Selima, while I thus learned the ardour of that affection which I had abuſ-ed, with ſentiments that can never be con-ceived, but when they are felt. I was touch-ed with the moſt bitter remorſe, for having produced one wiſh that could ſtain ſo amiable a mind; and abhorred myſelf for having uſed the power which I derived from her tender-neſs, to effect her deſtruction. My fondneſs was not leſs ardent; but it was more chaſte and tender: Deſire was not extinguiſhed; but it was almoſt abſorbed in eſteem. I felt a paſſion, to which, till now, I had been a ſtranger; and the moment love was kindled in my breaſt, I

reſumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can ſubſiſt, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my ſudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were ſuſpended, and ſhe ſunk into my arms. I claſped her to my breaſt; and, looking towards the hermit for his aſſiſtance, I beheld in his ſtead the friendly genius, who had taught me happineſs by affliction. At the ſame inſtant Selima recovered. "Ariſe," ſaid Syndarac, "and look "round." We looked round; the darkneſs was ſuddenly diſſipated, and we perceived ourſelves in the road to Golconda, and the ſpires of the city ſparkled before us. "Go," ſaid he, "Amurath, henceforth the huſband "of Selima, and the father of thy people! I "have revealed thy ſtory to Alibeg in a vi-"ſion; he expects thy return, and the cha-"riots are come out to meet thee. Go, and "I will proclaim before thee, Amurath, the "ſultan of the Eaſt, the judge of nations, the "taught of Heaven; Amurath, whoſe ring is "equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to "reign with wiſdom, and diffuſe felicity." I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with ſentiments which could not be

uttered, and by the people with the loudeſt acclamations. Syndarac proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in proſperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered; for to none who hear of the ring of Amurath ſhall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witneſs, thou whoſe eye drinks inſtruction from my pen? Haſt thou not a monitor who reproaches thee in ſecret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the firſt whiſpers of this friend to thy ſoul; it is the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to reſiſt whoſe influence is to invite deſtruction.

Number X.

Now ſweetly ſmiles the hill, the vale,
And all the landſkip round;
The river gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd.

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy ſiſter Muſe:
Now while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar Hill invites my ſong;
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;

Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells
Sweetly muſing quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt muſes made,
So oft I have the ev'ning ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
'Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day:
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe;
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landſkip lies below!

No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open ſcene
Does the face of nature ſhow,
In all the hues of Heav'n's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the pop'lar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak, with broad-ſpread boughs,
And beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye;
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloth'd with waving wood,

And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an awful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the poiſ'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs and weeds:
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has been, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And ſee the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun;
Sometimes ſwift, and ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endleſs ſleep!

Thus is nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wandering thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!
The fountains fall, the rivers flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the the ſky;
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r;
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie;
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream;
So little diſtant dangers ſeem:
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;

Still we tread the ſame courſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.
O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee!
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air;
And miſers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joy runs high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie:
While the wanton zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſic fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts, be great who will,
Search for peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain ye ſearch; ſhe is not there:
In vain ye ſearch the domes of care!
Graſs and flowers quiet treads
On the meads and mountain-heads,

Along with pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide;
And often by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

NUMBER XI.

Ah! wherefore ſhould the clam'rous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear?

A VIEW OF BEDLAM.

OF thoſe things called ſights in London, which every ſtranger is ſuppoſed deſirous to ſee, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to ſeveral other ſhews, propoſed a viſit. Harley objected to it; "Becauſe," ſaid he, "I think it an inhuman practice, to ex-"poſe the greateſt miſery with which our na-"ture is afflicted, to every idle viſitant who "can afford a trifling perquiſite to the keeper;

" eſpecially as it is a diſtreſs which the hu-
" mane muſt ſee with the painful reflection,
" that it is not in their power to alleviate it."
He was overpowered, however, by the ſolici-
tations of his friend, and the other perſons of
the party, (amongſt whom were ſeveral la-
dies); and they went in a body to Moor-
fields.

Their conductor led them firſt to the diſmal manſions of thoſe who are in the moſt horrid ſtate of incurable madneſs. The clanking of chains, the wildneſs of their cries, and the imprecations which ſome of them uttered, formed a ſcene inexpreſſibly ſhocking. Harley and his companions, eſpecially the female part of them, begged their guide to return. He ſeemed ſurpriſed at their uneaſineſs; and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the houſe, without ſhewing them ſome others, who, as he expreſſed it, in the phraſe of thoſe who keep wild beaſts for ſhow, were much better worth ſeeing than any they had paſſed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where thoſe reſide, who, as they are not dangerous to themſelves or others, enjoy a certain de-

gree of freedom, according to the ſtate of their diſtemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a ſegment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by interſecting it with croſs lines: A decent looking man came up, and ſmiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician: "He fell a ſacrifice," ſaid he, "to the theory of comets; for having, "with infinite labour, formed a table on the "conjectures of Sir Iſaac Newton, he was diſ- "appointed in the return of one of thoſe lu- "minaries, and was very ſoon after obliged "to be placed here by his friends. If you "pleaſe to follow me, Sir, continued the ſtran- "ger, I believe I ſhall be able to give you "a more ſatisfactory account of the unfor- "tunate people you ſee here, than the man "who attends your companions." Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next perſon they came up to had ſcrawled a variety of figures on a piece of ſlate. Harley had the curioſity to take a nearer view of them. They conſiſted of different columns,

on the top of which were marked, *South-ſea annuities*, *India-ſtock*, and *three per cent. annuities conſol.* "This," ſaid Harley's inſtructor, "was a gentleman well known in "Change-Alley: He was worth fifty thou- "ſand pounds; and had actually agreed for "the purchaſe of an eſtate in the weſt, in or- "der to realize his money; but he quarrelled "with the proprietor about the repairs of the "garden-wall, and ſo returned to town to "follow his old trade of ſtock-jobbing a little "longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of "ſtock, in which he was engaged to an im- "menſe extent, reduced him at once to po- "verty and to madneſs. Poor wretch! he told "me t'other day, that againſt the next pay- "ment of differences, he ſhould be ſome hun- "dreds above a plum."—"It is a ſpondee, "and I will maintain it," interrupted a voice on his left hand. This aſſertion was followed by a very rapid recital of ſome verſes from Homer. "That figure," ſaid the gentleman, "whoſe clothes are ſo bedaubed with ſnuff, "was a ſchoolmaſter of ſome reputation. He "came hither to be reſolved of ſome doubts "he entertained concerning the genuine pro- "nunciation of the Greek vowels. In his

"higheſt fits he makes frequent mention of "one Mr. Bentley.———

"But deluſive ideas, Sir, are the motives "of the greateſt part of mankind, and a "heated imagination the power by which "their actions are incited; the world, in the "eye of a philoſopher, may be ſaid to be a "large madhouſe." "It is true," anſwered "Harley, "the paſſions of men are tempo-"rary madneſſes; and ſometimes very fatal "in their effects,

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"It was indeed," ſaid the ſtranger, "a very "mad thing in Charles, to think of adding "ſo vaſt a country as Ruſſia to his dominions; "the balance of the north would then have "been loſt; but the ſultan and I would never "have allowed it."—"Sir!" ſaid Harley, with no ſmall ſurpriſe in his countenance.— "Why, yes," anſwered the other, "the ſul-"tan and I; do you know me? I am the "Cham of Tartary."

Harley was a good deal ſtruck by this diſcovery. He had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement; and, bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required,

left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the houſe ſet apart for the inſane of the other ſex, ſeveral of whom had gathered about the female viſitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dreſs.

Separate from the reſt ſtood one, whoſe appearance had ſomething of ſuperior dignity. Her face, though pale and waſted, was leſs ſqualid than thoſe of the others; and ſhewed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror: upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them obſerved it: "This, ſaid he, is a young la-"dy, who was born to ride in her coach and "ſix. She was beloved, if the ſtory I have "heard be true, by a young gentleman, her "equal in birth, though by no means her "match in fortune: but love, they ſay, is "blind; and ſo ſhe fancied him as much as he "did her. Her father, it ſeems, would not "hear of their marriage, and threatened to "turn her out of doors, if ever ſhe ſaw him "again. Upon this the young gentleman "took a voyage to the Weſt Indies, in hopes

" of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his " miſtreſs; but he was ſcarce landed when he " was ſeized with fevers, mhich are common " in thoſe iſlands, and died in a few days, la- " mented by every one who knew him. This " news ſoon reached his miſtreſs, who was at " the ſame time preſſed by her father to mar- " ry a rich miſerly fellow, who was old enough " to be her grandfather. The death of her " lover had no effect on her inhuman parent. " he was only the more earneſt for her mar- " riage with the man he had provided for " her; and what between deſpair at the death " of the one, and her averſion to the other, " the poor young lady was reduced to the " condition in which you ſee her. But God " would not proſper ſuch cruelty; her father's " affairs ſoon after went to wreck, and he died " almoſt a beggar."

Though this ſtory was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice: He had given it the tribute of ſome tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now ſeemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring ſhe wore on her finger. She turned them now upon Harley.—" My billy is no more!" ſaid ſhe— " Do you weep for my Billy? Bleſſings on

" your tears! I would weep too, but my brain " is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns?" She drew nearer to Harley.—" Be comforted, " young lady," ſaid he, " your Billy is in " heaven." " Is he, indeed! and ſhall we " meet again?—and ſhall that frightful man, " (pointing to the keeper) not be there?— " Alas! I am grown naught of late; I have " almoſt forgotten to think of heaven: yet I " pray ſometimes; when I can, I pray; and ſome- " times I ſing; when I am ſaddeſt, I ſing:— " you ſhall hear me:—huſh,

" Light be the earth on Billy's breaſt,
" And green the ſod that wraps his grave."

There was a plaintive wildneſs in the air not to be withſtood; and, except the keepers, there was not an unmoiſtened eye around her.

" Do you weep again?" ſaid ſhe;" I would " not have you weep; you are like my Billy; " —you are, believe me;—juſt ſo he looked " when he gave me this ring; poor Billy!— " 'twas the laſt time ever we met!—

" 'Twas when the ſeas were roaring"—

" I love you for reſembling my Billy; but " I ſhall never love any man like him."—She ſtretched out her hand to Harley; he preſſed

it between both his, and bathed it in tears. —"Nay, that is Billy's ring," ſaid ſhe, "you "cannot have it, indeed; but here is ano- "ther; look here, which I plaited to-day of "ſome gold-thread from this bit of ſtuff; will "you keep it for my ſake? I am a ſtrange "girl;—but my heart is harmleſs: My poor "heart; it will burſt ſome day; feel how it "beats."—She preſſed his hand to her boſom; then holding her head in the attitude of liſten- ing—"Hark! one, two, three!—be quiet, "thou little trembler;—my Billy's cold!— "but I had forgotten the ring."—She put it on his finger.—"Farewel! I muſt leave you "now."—She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips.—"I dare "not ſtay longer; my head throbbs ſadly; "farewel!"—She walked with a hurried ſtep to a little apartment at ſome diſtance. Har- ley ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper.—Harley looked on his ring.—He put a couple of gui- neas into the man's hand:—"Be kind to that "unfortunate."——He burſt into tears, and left them.

NUMBER XII.

——who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in ſhiv'ring tranſports ran.

A PASTORAL TALE.

WHERE paſtoral Tweed, renown'd in ſong,
With rapid murmur flows;
In Caledonia's claſſic ground,
The hall of Arthur roſe.

A braver Briton never arm'd
To guard his native iſle;
A gentler friend did never make
The ſocial circle ſmile.

Twice he aroſe, from rebel rage
To ſave the Britiſh crown;
And in the field where heroes ſtrove
He won him high renown.

But to the plowſhare turn'd the ſword,
When bloody war did ceaſe;
And in the arbour which he rear'd,
He raiſed the ſong of peace.

An only daughter in his age
Solac'd a father's care;
And all the country bleſt the name
Of Emily the Fair.

The picture of her mother's youth,
(Now ſainted in the ſky);
She was the angel of his age,
And apple of his eye.

Something unſeen o'er all her form
Did nameleſs grace impart;
A ſecret charm that won the way
At once into the heart.

Her eye the pure etherial blue,
Than that did fairer ſhew,
Whene'er ſhe watch'd a father's look,
Or wept a lover's woe:

For now the lover of her youth
To Indian climes had rov'd,
To conquer Fortune's cruel rage,
And match the maid he lov'd.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
The heart a captive ſtole;
The tender accent of her tongue
Went thrilling through the ſoul.

The graces, that for Nature fair
Preſent us mimic art;
The falſe refinements, that refine
Away the human heart,

She knew not; in the ſimple robe
Of elegance and eaſe,
Complete ſhe ſhone, and ever pleaſed,
Without the thought to pleaſe.

Inſtruct th' unplanted foreſt-crab
To leave its genius wild;
Subdue the monſter of the wood,
And make the ſavage mild:

But who would give the roſe a hue,
Which Nature has not given?
But who would tame the nightingale,
Or bring the lark from heaven?

The father, watching o'er his child,
The joy of father's found;
And, bleſt himſelf, he ſtretch'd his hand
To bleſs the neighbours round.

A patriarch in the vale of peace,
To all he gave the law;
The good he guarded in their rights,
And kept the bad in awe.

Lord of his own paternal field,
He liberal dealt his ſtore;
And call'd the ſtranger to his feaſt,
The beggar to his door.

But, ah! what mortal knows the hour
Of fate? A hand unſeen
Upon the curtain ever reſts,
And ſudden ſhifts the ſcene.

Arthur was ſurety for his friend,
Who fled to foreign climes,
And left him to the gripe of law,
The victim of his crimes.

The ſun, that riſing, ſaw him lord
Of hill and valley round,
Beheld him at his ſetting hour,
Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall, no longer his,
He is a pilgrim gone;
And walks a ſtranger o'er the fields
He lately call'd his own.

The blaſt of winter whiſtled loud
And ſhrill through the void hall;
And heavy on his hoary locks
The ſhower of night did fall.

Claſp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
He journey'd ſad and ſlow;
At times he ſtopt to look behind,
And tears began to flow.

Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
To ſhelter he did hie;
"Beneath the covert of this rock,
"My daughter, let us die!"

At midnight, in the weary waſte,
In ſorrow ſat the pair;
She chaff'd his ſhivering hands, and wrung
The water from his hair.

The ſigh ſpontaneous roſe; the tear
Involuntary flow'd;
No word of comfort could ſhe ſpeak,
Nor would ſhe weep aloud.

"In yonder hall my fathers liv'd,
"In yonder hall they died;
"Now in that church-yard's aiſle they ſleep,
"Each by his ſpouſe's ſide.

" Oft have I made yon hall reſound
" With ſocial, ſweet delight;
" And marked not the morning hour,
" That ſtole upon the night.

" When there the wanderers of the dark,
" Repoſing, ceaſed to roam;
" And ſtrangers, happy in the hall,
" Did find themſelves at home.

" I little thought, that thus forlorn,
" In deſerts I ſhould bide,
" And have not where to lay the head,
" Amid the world ſo wide!"

A ſtranger, wandering through the wood,
Beheld the helpleſs pair;
Long did he look in ſilence ſad,
Then ſhriek'd as in deſpair.

He ran, and lowly at the feet
Of his late lord he fell;
" Alas, my maſter, have I liv'd
" To bid your houſe farewel!

" But I will never bid adieu
" To him I priz'd ſo high:
" As with my maſter I have liv'd,
" I'll with my maſter die.

" I ſaw the ſummer-friend, who ſhar'd
" The banquet in your hall,
" Depart; nor caſt one look behind
" On the forſaken wall.

" I ſaw the daily, nightly gueſt
" The changing ſcene forſake;
" Nor drop a tear, nor turn his ſteps,
" The long farewel to take:

" Then to the ſervice of my lord
" I vow'd a throbbing heart;
" And in the changes of your life
" To bear an humble part.

" Forgive the fond, officious zeal
" Of one that loves his lord!
" The new poſſeſſor of your field
" A ſuppliant I implor'd.

" I told the treach'ry of your friend,
" the ſtory of your woe,
" And ſought his favour, when I ſaw
" His tears begin to flow.

" I aſk'd the hamlet of the hill,
" The lone, ſequeſter'd ſeat,
" Your choſen haunt, and fav'rite bower,
" To be your laſt retreat.

" I offer'd—what was all your own—
" The gold I had in ſtore;
" Low at his feet I fell, and wept,
" That I could give no more.

" Your gold is yours," the gen'rous youth
With gentle accent ſaid,
" Your maſter's be that little field,
" And cheerful be his ſhed!"

" Now Heav'n has heard my pray'r; I've wiſh'd
" I could in part repay
" The favours your extended hand
" Beſtow'd from day to day,

" I yet may ſee a garland green
" Upon the hoary head;
" Yet ſee my maſter bleſt, before
" I dwell among the dead!"

In ſilence Arthur look'd to heaven,
And claſp'd his Edwin's hand;
The eyes of Emily in tears
Expreſs'd affection bland.

From opening heaven the moon appear'd;
Fair was the face of night;
Bright in their beauty ſhone the ſtars;
The air was flowing light.

Arthur reſum'd the pilgrim's ſtaff;
They held their lonely way
Dim through the foreſt's darkſome bourne,
Till near the dawning day.

Then a long line of ruddy light,
That quiver'd to and fro,
Reveal'd their lone retreat, and clos'd
The pilgrimage of woe.

He enter'd, ſolemn, ſlow, and ſad,
The deſtin'd hermitage,
A little and a lonely hut,
To cover hapleſs age.

He claſp'd his daughter in his arms,
And kiſs'd a falling tear;
"I have my all, ye gracious pow'rs!
"I have my daughter here!"

A ſober banquet to prepare,
Emilia cheerful goes:
The faggot blaz'd, the window glanc'd,
The heart of age aroſe.

"I would not be that guilty man,
"With all his golden ſtore;
"Nor change my lot with any wretch
"That counts his thouſands o'er.

" Now here at laſt we are at home,
" We can no lower fall;
" Low in the cottage peace can dwell,
" As in the lordly hall.

" The wants of nature are but few;
" Her banquet ſoon is ſpread:
" The tenant of the vale of tears
" Requires but daily bread.

" The food that grows in ev'ry field
" Will life and health prolong;
" And water from the ſpring ſuffice
" To quench the thirſty tongue.

" But all the Indies with their wealth,
" And earth, and air, and ſeas,
" Will never quench the ſickly thirſt
" And craving of diſeaſe.

" My humble garden to my hand
" Contentment's feaſt will yield;
" And, in the ſeaſon, harveſt white
" Will load my little field.

" Like Nature's ſimple children, here,
" With Nature's ſelf we'll live,
" And, of the little that is left,
" Have ſomething ſtill to give.

" The ſad viciſſitudes of life
" Long have I learn'd to bear;
" But, oh! my daughter, thou art new
" To ſorrow and to care!

" How ſhall that fine and flow'ry form,
" In ſilken folds confin'd,
" That ſcarcely faced the ſummer's gale,
" Endure the wint'ry wind?

" Ah! how wilt thou ſuſtain a ſky
" With angry tempeſt red?
" How wilt thou bear the bitter ſtorm
" That's hanging o'er thy head?

" Whate'er thy juſtice dooms, O God!
" I take with temper mild;
" But oh! repay it thouſand-fold
" In bleſſings on my child!"

" Weep not for me, thou father fond!"
The virgin ſoft did ſay;
" Could I contribute to thy peace,
" O, I would bleſs the day!

" The parent who provides for all,
" For us will now provide;
" Theſe hands have learn'd the gayer arts
" Of elegance and pride:

" What once amus'd a vacant hour,
" Shall now the day engage ;
" And vanity ſhall ſpread the board
" Of poverty and age.

" At eventide, how blithe we'll meet,
" And, while the faggots blaze,
" Recount the trifles of the time,
" And dream of better days.

" I'll read the tragic tales of old,
" To ſoothe a father's woes ;
" I'll lay the pillow for thy head,
" And ſing thee to repoſe."

The father wept. " Thy wond'rous hand,
" Almighty, I adore !
" I had not known how bleſt I was,
" Had I not been ſo poor !

" Now bleſt be God for what is left,
" And bleſt for what is given !
" Thou art an angel, O my child !
" With thee I dwell in heaven !"

Then, in the garb of ancient times,
They trod the paſt'ral plain :
But who deſcribes a ſummer's day,
Or paints the Halcyon main !"

One day, a wanderer in the wood
The lonely threſhold preſt;
'Twas then that Arthur's humble roof
Had firſt receiv'd a gueſt.

The ſtranger told his tender tale:
" I come from foreign climes;
" From countries red with Indian blood,
" And ſtain'd with Chriſtian crimes,

" O may Britannia never hear
" What theſe ſad eyes have ſeen!
" May an eternal veil be drawn
" That world and this between!

" No frantic avarice fir'd my ſoul,
" And Heaven my wiſhes crown'd;
" For ſoon a fortune to my mind
" With innocence I found.

" From exile ſad, returning home,
" I kiſs'd the ſacred earth;
" And flew to find my native woods
" And walls that gave me birth.

" To church on Sunday fond I went,
" In hopes to mark, unſeen,
" All my old friends, aſſembled round
" The circle of the green.

" Alas, the change that time had made!
" My ancient friends were gone;
" Another race poſſeſs'd the walls,
" And I was left alone!

" A ſtranger among ſtrangers, long
" I look'd from pew to pew;
" But not the face of one old friend
" Roſe imag'd to my view.

" The horrid plough had ras'd the green,
" Where we have often play'd;
" The axe had fell'd the hawthorn tree,
" The ſchool-boy's ſummer ſhade.

" One maid, the beauty of the vale,
" To whom I vow'd my care,
" And gave my heart, had fled away,
" And none could tell me where.

" My cares and toils in foreign climes
" Were for that peerleſs maid;
" She roſe in beauty by my ſide:
" My toils were all repaid.

" By Indian ſtreams I ſat alone,
" While on my native iſle,
" And on my ancient friends, I thought,
" And wept the weary while.

" 'Twas ſhe that cheer'd my captive hours,
" She came in ev'ry dream,
" As, ſmiling, on the rear of night,
" Appears the morning beam.

" In queſt of her I wander, wild,
" O'er mountain, ſtream, and plain;
" And, if I find her not, I fly
" To Indian climes again."

The father thus began: " My ſon,
" Mourn not thy wretched fate;
" For he that rules in heaven decrees
" This life a mixed ſtate.

" The ſtream that carries us along,
" Flows through the vale of tears;
" Yet, on the darkneſs of our day,
" The bow of heaven appears.

" The roſe of Sharon, king of flowers,
" Is fenced with prikles round;
" Queen of the vale, the lily fair
" Among the thorns is found.

" E'en while we raiſe the ſong, we ſigh
" The melancholy while;
" And, down the face of mortal man,
" The tear ſucceeds the ſmile.

" Nøught pure or perfect here is found;
" But, when this night is o'er,
" Th' eternal morn will ſpring on high,
" And we ſhall weep no more.

" Beyond the dim horizon far,
" That bounds the mortal eye,
" A better country blooms to view,
" Beneath a brighter ſky."—

Unſeen the trembling virgin heard
The ſtranger's tale of woe;
Then enter'd as an angel bright,
In beauty's higheſt glow.

The ſtranger roſe; he look'd, he gaz'd;
He ſtood a ſtatute pale;
His heart did throb, his cheek did change,
His fault'ring voice did fail.

At laſt, " My Emily herſelf
" Alive in all her charms!"
The father kneel'd; the lovers ruſh'd
To one another's arms.

In ſpeechleſs ecſtacy entranc'd
Long while they did remain;
They glow'd, they trembled, and they ſobb'd,
They wept and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands,
To bleſs the happy pair;
Heaven ſmiled on Edward the belov'd,
And Emily the fair.

NUMBER XIII.

Come liſten to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you ſcorn to heave a ſigh,
Nor need you bluſh to ſhed a tear.

EDWIN AND ADELA.

ADELA was the only daughter of a powerful baron of Aquitaine. Her father, ſprung from an illuſtrious family, added to hereditary honours, the glory of heroic achievements. In his youth, he accompanied the flower of the European chivalry who fought under the banner of Godfrey, and recovered the holy ſepulchre from the hands of the infidel. He returned to his country, crowned with victory and fair renown; and inherited the rich domains of his anceſtors.

Adela was in the prime of beauty, and poſſeſſed a ſuſceptible heart. In her air and aſpect, dignity was mingled with ſweetneſs: For in the diſpoſition of her mind, conſcious elevation of ſentiment was ſoftened by amiable and mild affections.

Edwin, a gallant youth, animated with the generous love of arms, ſuit with the renown of Albert's proweſs, and ambitious of profiting by the narrative of his exploits, repaired with other warriors to his hoſpitable caſtle. His eye, keen and piercing, indicated a fiery, vigorous, and active ſpirit: His form was well fitted to kindle deſire in the boſom of tender maids: And the heart of Adela was not inſenſible to his merit. Their paſſion was mutual. He gazed on her unaffected charms with aſtoniſhment; for, till then, he had never felt the tender anxiety, the reſtleſs longing, and languiſhment of love. Ambition had been the governing paſſion of his ſoul: But the fierceneſs of ambition now yielded to a ſofter, though no leſs ardent deſire. He no longer diſcourſed in keen rapture, of marſhaled hoſts, of liſted fields, and feats of venturous daring; but languiſhed on the ineffable attractions of a roſeate complexion, and a tender melting eye. The vehement impa-

tience of the warrior was loſt in the complacency and penſiveneſs of the lover.

Albert, perceiving this change in his deportment, demanded the cauſe. Edwin replied in candid and reſpectful guiſe: He told him, without reſerve, of the impreſſion made on his ſoul by the peerleſs beauty of Adela; and, with the temerity of youthful paſſion, beſought nim to ratify his ſincere attachment by wedlock. "And who art thou," ſaid the haughty baron, "who pretendeſt to the love "of Adela? What feats of heroic proweſs "haſt thou achieved? Or is thy anceſtry di-"ſtinguiſhed among the chieftains of the "ſouth? Thy ſhield is inſcribed with no va-"lorous achievement; nor are thy deeds, "nor the deeds of thy fathers, rehearſed by "recording minſtrels. Gain thee a name in "arms, and then aſpire to the envied alliance "of the houſe of Albert."

Theſe words, like an arrow, penetrated the heart of Edwin. Love and ambition, hitherto at variance, were now united; they concurred in the ſame purſuit; and their vehemence was irreſiſtible. Accordingly, the youthful warrior prepared for his departure, and took a tender farewel of Adela. "Farewel," ſhe replied, the tears guſhing from her radiant eyes,

" Heaven knows no gallant youth but thee " ever ſhared my affections. May the holy " angels, who regard true and virtuous love " with eſteem, grant thee protection. Speedy " be thy return! and O! remember me. Gay " and courtly dames, ſkilled in feducements " and cunning device, may ſtrive to allure " thee; but their love will not equal mine." They plighted vows of mutual fidelity, and exchanged tokens of unſhaken attachment. Then Edwin, clad in complete armour, a gay undaunted warrior, mounted a ſteed proudly capariſoned, and bent his courſe to the plains of Catalonia, where the Saracen waded in the blood of Spain.

Soon after his departure, Edgar, a proud and wealthy chieftain, with a numerous retinue of knights and retainers, came to the caſtle of Albert. He was received with pomp and hoſpitable welcome. He caſt amorous glances on the reſerved, unrivalled charms of Adela. He preferred his courtſhip with ſtudied ſmiles and ſpeeches deviſed with cunning. She heard him at firſt with indifference; he perſiſted; and ſhe requited him with contempt. He then addreſſed his ſuit to the baron: He boaſted of the high renown of his anceſtors, and the wide extent of his domain: He expa-

tiated on the number of his vaſſals; and inſiſted, in magnificent terms, on the mutual honour and ſecurity that would accrue from ſo ſeemly an alliance. Albert liſtened to him with partial and pleaſed attention: He repented of the hopes he had encouraged in the ſoul of Edwin; and he endeavoured to perſuade his daughter to forget her attachment to that valiant youth. In vain the aſtoniſhed Adela lamented, wept, intreated; in vain ſhe threw herſelf at her father's feet, and tore her diſhevelled treſſes, and in anguiſh ſmote her breaſt. Her oppoſition, inſtead of mitigating his rigour, irritated his reſentment, and confirmed him in his ungenerous purpoſe. He mingled menaces and unkindly reproach with his perſuaſions: "By the holy rood," ſaid he, with a faſtidious and wrathful aſpect, "the "honour of my houſe ſhall not be ſtain-"ed by the pretentions of a low-born boy. "Degenerated as thou art, the meanneſs of "thy ſentiments ſhall not ſully the ſplendour "of thine anceſtry, nor load my reſpected "age with diſhonour. Receive the addreſſes "of Edgar with ſuitable regard, and the de-"ference due to my commands. Meantime "preparations ſhall be made for the bridal ſo-

" lemnity in a manner becoming the dignity " of this alliance."

Adela, after remonſtrating in vain againſt the ſeverity of his commands, intreated, with an humble and dejected air, that the marriage-ceremony might be delayed. " Can " Edgar," ſaid ſhe, " prize the cold and con- " ſtrained embraces of a heart that throbbs " for another? Will the ſighing and anguiſh " of a broken ſpirit accord with the fond ca- " reſſes of a bridegroom? To Edwin my " faith was plighted, and on him my imagi- " nation hath dwelt. Give me time, there- " fore, to divert the current of an affection " too violent to be ſuddenly oppoſed; to diſ- " courage the reveries of fancy, animated by " a legal and habituated paſſion; and to be " reconciled to the addreſſes of Edgar." As her reaſoning was plauſible, the nuptial ſolemnity was deferred. But, as ſoon as ſhe retired from her father's preſence, ſhe ſummoned a page in whom ſhe confided, and ſpoke to him in the following manner: " Prepare thee for " a long journey: Saddle the fleeteſt of my " father's ſteeds; and during the obſcurity of " the night, depart. Hie thee to the banks of the " Ebro; find Edwin; tell him of the perils " that beſet me; tell him that a wealthy and

" powerful rival, with coſtly parade, and glit-
" tering ſhew of blazonry, hath impoſed on
" my father, and inſinuated himſelf into his
" eſteem." The menial bowed with humble obeiſance, and, with profeſſions of diligence and fidelity, departed.

Meantime Edgar preſſed his ſuit with courteous phraſe and dalliance. Daily tournaments were exhibited at the caſtle of Albert. The knights and barons of the neighbouring domains attended: But Edgar ſurpaſſed them in the ſplendor of his armour, and the pomp of his retinue. The hall reſounded with revelry and rejoicing; and minſtrels clad in gaudy apparel celebrated the praiſes of warlike chiefs, or ſung the power and the pleaſures of love. Adela arrayed her countenance with ſmiles and courteſy; but her boſom was diſtracted with anguiſh, and her couch was bedewed with weeping. " O when," ſhe cried, " ſhall I be delivered from the impor-
" tunity of a deteſted ſuitor, and the bond-
" age of a feigned complacency? When will
" Edwin return, adorned with conqueſt, and
" confident with ſucceſs? His merit ſhall
" ſhine unrivalled, and Edgar be covered with
" ſhame."

At length the page returned; and repairing to the apartment of his mournful dame, "Now heaven forefend," ſaid he, "moſt "gracious lady, that the tidings I bring ſhould "injure thy tender frame more than thou art "able to endure. May the ſaints and mini-"ſtering angels uphold thee!"—"Hath he "periſhed?" cried Adela, with a look of terror and amazement. "In what bloody field "hath he fallen? Where lies the lifeleſs body? "What barbarous adverſary hath mangled "and inſulted his graceful form?"——"He hath not periſhed," replied the menial. "But "O gentle lady! foul arts have been prac-"tiſed; ſhameful perfidy hath been commit-"ted. Edwin lives, but not for thee; he "hath given his hand to another!"—"Peace, "peace!" interrupted Adela, with a faulter-ing utterance, and looks of aſtoniſhment, mixed with anger; "reſtrain thy blaſphemous "ſpeech; nor with baſe calumny aſperſe the "fame of a true and gallant warrior."—"When," anſwered the menial, "have I "been guilty of deceit or infidelity towards "my gentle miſtreſs? Full ſore it grieveth "me to be the meſſenger of evil tidings."—"Rehearſe them unreſervedly," cried Adela, with a tone of anxious impatience.

" I purſued my journey," ſaid he, " many " days without any adventure, till I came with- " in ſight of a ſtately caſtle. It ſtood on the " brow of a woody hill; was garniſhed with " towers and battlements; and commanded a " wide proſpect of cultivated fields and fo- " reſts. As I advanced, mine ear was ſud- " denly ſurpriſed with the din of hounds and " horns, mingled with the cries of the huntſ- " men. I ſoon deſcried a gallant ſhew of " knights and gorgeous dames, mounted on " milk-white courſers, and purſuing the rapid " deer. When the chace was ended, they " ſtopped by the ſide of a chryſtal brook; " and a comely youth, arrayed in ſhining ap- " parel, alighted from his foamy ſteed, with " courtly obeiſance, preſented the prey to a " fair and ſmiling lady. I mingled in their " company, and in the lineaments of the " courteous youth recogniſed the inconſtant " Edwin. O gentle lady, may Heaven ſo " help me in my utmoſt need, as I now ſpeak " the words of truth; and may the ſaints and " holy angels ſo ſuccour thee as thy miſhap " requires. The faithleſs youth hath com- " mitted treaſon againſt thy love: Seduced " by the blandiſhment of an artful dame,

" he hath become forgetful of thy peerleſs " beauty."

The heart of Adela throbbed with anguiſh during the recital. " Valorous, heroic war- " rior!" ſhe exclaimed, " are theſe thy deeds " of hardy proweſs, to betray the innocent " credulity of an eaſy maid! Stain to man- " hood, and the honoured profeſſion of arms, " be henceforth baniſhed from my remem- " brance."

Meantime Edgar advanced his ſuit with redoubled ardour. Albert, unable to brook any longer delay, inſiſted on having the bridal ceremony ſolemnized; and Adela, incited by ſecret pride and reſentment, ſubmitted to the will of her father. The report of this noble alliance was publiſhed through the land; and the kindred of Albert and Edgar, with the neighbouring barons, were aſſembled to grace the ſolemnity. Already were the parties betrothed; the holy benediction was already pronounced; and forever was Adela to be the wedded ſpouſe of Edgar. Now, with pompous ſhew and attendance the banquet was ſerved up to dames and knights, the flower of courteſy and valour. The caſtle reſounded with minſtrelſy and the dance, when a ſtranger, in the ſimple garb of a pilgrim, entered the hall.

He caſt his eyes around on the goodly company, and, with an air of ſanctity and reſpect, implored a bleſſing on their friendſhip. He was received with hoſpitable welcome, and the reverence due to his holy ſemblance. He ſpake in meek and modeſt guiſe; his eyes were often fixed on Adela; they were ſometimes dimmed with a gliſtening tear, and ever and anon his boſom heaved with involuntary ſighs. He took up the harp of a minſtrel; he touched the ſtrings with maſterly cunning, and accompanied the notes with a melodious voice. Tuneful, but melancholy was the ſtrain; for he ſung the ſorrows of thoſe that are forſaken; the anguiſh of a deſponding ſpirit; and the wounds inflicted on a faithful heart by inconſtancy and proud diſdain. He deſiſted with marks of grief and inward contention.

"Holy pilgrim," ſaid Albert, "the ſenſe of "calamity devours thy ſpirit. Inform us of "thy miſhap, that, if poſſible, we may admi-"niſter comfort. Nor think it incompatible "with bridal feſtivity to indulge compaſſion, "and aſſuage the torment of heart-felt care."

"I am the ſon of a freeman," replied the ſtranger; "and though my birth was not en-"nobled by ſplendid titles, nor my anceſtry "diſtinguiſhed by the parade of blazonry, my

" boſom burned with the love of arms, and
" my heart was upright. In an unlucky hour
" I became enamoured of a gentle dame,
" the only daughter of a noble baron. My
" ſincere, though preſumptuous ſuit, ſeemed
" not diſpleaſing to that peerleſs beauty; and
" with the raſh, intemperate boldneſs of a
" lover, I aſked her in marriage of her ſire.
" Go, ſaid he, gain thee a name in arms, and
" then aſpire to the envied alliance of my
" houſe. I departed, not without tender inter-
" change of vows and tokens of affection with
" the beloved idol of my heart. I haſtened
" to the plains of Catalonia, where the Sara-
" cen was waging fierce battle againſt the
" banner of the holy croſs. I proffered my ſer-
" vice to the chief of the Chriſtians; and that
" my ſword was not idle, and that I was not
" backward in the ſtrife of arms, my honour-
" able wounds can teſtify. Neither were my
" ſervices, nor my thirſt after martial fame
" unrewarded. Fair recompence have I re-
" ceived, and the ſun of glory hath gilded
" the obſcurity of my birth. Rejoicing in
" my ſucceſs, I haſtened my return. But
" what power of utterance can expreſs the
" agony of my ſoul, when I learned that
" the faithleſs and inconſtant dame had

" yielded to the vows of another? I who was " ſo true and loyal to my love and plighted " troth, to be ſo ſoon forgot, ſo ſoon for- " ſaken."

" Enough! enough! cried Adela, O ill- " requited lover! pierce not my ſoul with " deeper wounds. O Edwin, Edwin! never " was I inconſtant. Bear witneſs, ye holy an- " gels! But traitorous guile has been practiſ- " ed: Thy integrity hath been impeach- " ed, and my vexed heart betrayed into " error."

The eyes of all were now turned on the ſtranger: He threw off his diſguiſe, and, inſtead of a pilgrim's ſtaff, he graſped a keen and trenchant weapon. Reſentment glowed in his cheek, and flaſhed from his fiery eye. " And who," ſaid he, " hath impeached mine " integrity? Stand forth, thou proud, but " daſtard baron, whoſe glozing tales have be- " trayed the unwary heart of a tender maiden: " It is Edwin demands reparation." Conſcious fear was manifeſt in the diſordered features, the pale cheek, and diſconcerted air of Edgar. He nevertheleſs accepted the challenge; and the two warriors, arraying themſelves in complete armour, deſcended into the court of the caſtle. In the firſt onſet, the well

tempered ſteel of Edwin cleft the creſted helm of his adverſary; he threw him to the ground, and diſarmed him. "Confeſs thy guilt," ſaid the conqueror, "and by what infamous arts "thou haſt accompliſhed thy deſign."—"By "gifts and glittering gold," he replied, "I "corrupted the page of Adela, who, with "counterfeited ſemblance of fidelity and re-"gret, accuſed thee of inconſtancy, and im-"poſed falſhood on the eaſy ear of his miſ-"treſs. I embraced the ſeaſon of her excited "reſentment, and forwarded my ſuit with "ſucceſs. She is mine by the indiſſoluble "ties of wedlock: And know, proud boy, "that if thy hands be ſtained with my blood, "it is the blood of Adela's huſband; and if "ſhe receives thee to her boſom, ſhe receives "the ſlayer of her ſpouſe."

Edwin ſtarted with apparent horror. He pauſed; but recollecting himſelf, "Ariſe," he cried, "and by another trial, prove thyſelf "worthy of that envied title." So ſaying, he raiſed him from the ground; and both warriors addreſſed themſelves a ſecond time to the fight. Edgar, burning with exaſperated rancour, aimed his ſpear at his rival's breaſt. Edwin neither averted nor avoided the deadly blow. The keen weapon cleft his breaſt, and

was tinged in the purple ſprings of his heart. He fell to the ground. "Farewell," he cried, "Adela! lady peerleſs! and dearly beloved. "I have proved myſelf worthy of thy eſteem: "I die a ſacrifice to thy repoſe. With my hands "red with thy huſbands blood, could I ever "aſpire to thy love? Could I ſurvive and be-"hold thee the wedded bride of another!" "He heaved a ſigh and died. "Inhuman "deed!" cried Adela, tearing her lovely treſſes, and beating her ſnow-white breaſt. She ran, ſhe threw herſelf on the bloody body, "O ſtay!" ſhe exclaimed, "O leave "me not in my woe. Return, fleeting ſpirit! "Reanimate theſe pallid features, He heeds "me not.—I heard a voice! a dreary voice! "It was Edwin! He ſummons me away!—I "come! I come! Let the nuptial bed be pre-"pared! the clay-cold bed!"—So ſaying, ſhe "claſped the corpſe, and expired.

Inſtantly the menial who had been cor-rupted by Edgar, ſeizing a dagger, ruſhed be-hind that treacherous baron, and pierced him to the heart. "Periſh!" he cried, "author "of my ruin, and of the ruin of the houſe of "Albert." He grew immediately frantic: He ran forth furious and ſcreaming: The

memory of his crimes purſued him; and his reaſon was never reſtored.

The obſequies of the deceaſed were celebrated with due ſolemnity: Holy requiems were chanted over their remains; and pious prieſts preferred oriſons for their eternal repoſe. Albert, unable to ſuſtain the weight of his misfortune, forſook the habitation of his anceſtors; and expoſing his old age to fatigue, undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he ended his days in a monaſtery.

NUMBER XIV.

The ſage laments each mortal woe.

THE HERMIT.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the grove.
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Though mournful his numbers, his ſoul was reſign'd:
He thought as a ſage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkneſs and woe?
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy ſad ſtrain?
For ſpring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow:
And thy boſom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet if pity inſpire thee, O ceaſe not thy lay;
Mourn, ſweeteſt complainer, man calls thee to mourn!
O ſoothe him whoſe pleaſures, like thine, paſs away;—
Full quickly they paſs,—but they never return!

Now, gliding remote on the verge of the ſky.
The moon, half extinct, a dim creſcent diſplays;
But lately I mark'd, when majeſtic on high
She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
The path that conducts thee to ſplendor again—
But man's faded glory no change ſhall renew;
Ah! fool, to exult in a glory ſo vain!

'Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more;
I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature, the embryo-bloſſom ſhall ſave.—
But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn!
O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!

NUMBER XV.

Oh! liſten not to that enchantreſs *Eaſe*;
Beſtir, and anſwer your Creation's end.

CHOICE OF HERCULES.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to conſider what courſe of life he ought to pur-

ſue, he one day retired into a deſert, where the ſilence and ſolitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was muſing on his preſent condition, and very much perplexed in himſelf on the ſtate of life he ſhould chooſe, he ſaw two women of a larger ſtature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and eaſy, her perſon clean and unſpotted, her eyes caſt towards the ground with an agreeable reſerve, her motion and behaviour full of modeſty, and her raiment as white as ſnow. The other had a great deal of health and floridneſs in her countenance, which ſhe had helped with an artificial white and red; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her geſtures. She had a wonderful confidence and aſſurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dreſs that ſhe thought were the moſt proper to ſhew her complexion to advantage. She caſt her eyes upon herſelf, then turned them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her, and often looked on the figure ſhe made in her own ſhadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, ſhe ſtepped before the other lady, who came for-

ward with a regular compoſed carriage; and running up to him, accoſted him after the following manner:

"My dear Hercules," ſaid ſhe, "I find you "are very much divided in your own thoughts "upon the way of life that you ought to "chooſe: Be my friend, and follow me; I "will lead you into the poſſeſſion of pleaſure, "and out of the reach of pain; and remove "you from all the noiſe and diſquietude "of buſineſs. The affairs of either war or "peace ſhall have no power to diſturb you. "Your whole employment ſhall be to make "your life eaſy, and to entertain every ſenſe "with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous "tables, beds of roſes, clouds of perfumes, "concerts of muſic, crowds of beauties, are all "in readineſs to receive you. Come along with "me into this region of delights, this world "of pleaſure; and bid farewel for ever to "care, to pain, to buſineſs.

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, deſired to know her name; to which ſhe anſwered, "My friends, and thoſe who are "well acquainted with me, call me Happineſs; "but my enemies, and thoſe who would "injure my reputation, have given me the "name of Pleaſure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young hero in a very different manner.

Hercules," ſays ſhe, "I offer myſelf to you, "becauſe I know you are deſcended from the "gods, and give proofs of that deſcent by your "love to virtue, and application to the ſtu-"dies proper for your age. This makes me "hope you will gain both for yourſelf and "me an immortal reputation. But, before I "invite you into my ſociety and friendſhip, I "will be open and ſincere with you; and "muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſhed truth, "that there is nothing truly valuable which "can be purchaſed without pains and labour. "The Gods have ſet a price upon every real "and noble pleaſure. If you would gain the "favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the "pains of worſhipping him; if the friendſhip "of good men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige "them; if you would be honoured by your "country, you muſt take care to ſerve it. In "ſhort, if you would be eminent in war or "peace, you muſt become maſter of all the "qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe "are the only terms and conditions upon "which I can propoſe happineſs." The goddeſs of pleaſure here broke in upon her diſcourſe:

"You ſee," ſaid ſhe, "Hercules, by her own "confeſſion, the way to her pleaſures is long "and difficult, whereas that which I propoſe "is ſhort and eaſy."—"Alas!" ſaid the other lady, whoſe viſage glowed with paſſion, made up of ſcorn and pity, "what are the plea-"ſures you propoſe? To eat before you are "hungry, drink before you are athirſt, ſleep "before you are tired, to gratify appetites "before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch appe-"tites as nature never planted. You never "heard the moſt delicious muſic, which is the "praiſe of one's ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beau-"tiful object, which is the work of one's own "hands. Your votaries paſs away their youth "in a dream of miſtaken pleaſures, while they "are hoarding up anguiſh, torment, and re-"morſe for old age.

"As for me, I am the friend of gods and "of good men, an agreeable companion to the "artizan, an houſehold guardian to the fathers "of families, a patron and protector of ſer-"vants, an aſſociate in all true and generous "friendſhips. The banquets of my votaries "are never coſtly, but always delicious; for "none eat or drink at them who are not in-"vited by hunger and thirſt. Their ſlum-"bers are ſound, and their wakings cheerful.

" My young men have the pleaſure of hear-
" ing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in
" years; and thoſe who are in years, of be-
" ing honoured by thoſe who are young. In
" a word, my followers are favoured by the
" gods, beloved by their acquaintance, e-
" ſteemed by their country; and after the
" cloſe of their labours, honoured by poſte-
" rity."

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of theſe two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this will do him the juſtice to approve his choice.

NUMBER XVI.

Ye ſons of Luxury, be wiſe.

DIRECTIONS HOW TO LIVE.

How to live happieſt; how avoid the pains,
The diſappointments and diſguſts of thoſe
Who would in pleaſure all their hours em-
ploy;

The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he ſtill retain'd
His manly ſenſe, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wiſe he was, but not ſevere;
He ſtill remember'd that he once was young;
His eaſy preſence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the diſſolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looſeneſs when he pleas'd, put on,
And laughing could inſtruct. Much had he read,
Much more had ſeen; he ſtudied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man; and much he pitied thoſe
Whom falſely-ſmiling fate has curs'd with means
To diſſipate their days in queſt of joy.
Our aim is happineſs; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He ſaid, 'tis the purſuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the wideſt wander from the mark,
Who through the flow'ry paths of ſaunt'ring joy
Seek this coy goddeſs; that from ſtage to ſtage
Invites us ſtill, but ſhifts as we purſue.
For, not to name the pains that pleaſure brings
To counterpoiſe itſelf, relentleſs fate

Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: And were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would ſoon be ſtale.
Were theſe exhauſtleſs, nature would grow ſick,
And, cloy'd with pleaſure, ſqueamiſhly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature reſt; be buſy for yourſelf,
And for your friend: be buſy even in vain
Rather than teize her ſated appetites.
Who never faſts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils nor watches, never ſleeps.
Let nature reſt; and when the taſte of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but ſhun ſatiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be bleſt;
But him the leaſt the dull or painful hours
Of life oppreſs, whom ſober ſenſe conducts,
And virtue through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and ſenſe I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and ſenſe are one; and, truſt me, he
Who has not virtue is not truly wiſe.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is ſenſe and ſpirit, with humanity:
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive; but in vengeance juſt.

Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth:
This is the ſolid pomp of proſperous days;
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of envy and all-ſapping time.
The gaudy gloſs of fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye: The ſuffrage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By ſenſe alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of heaven; a happineſs
That even above the ſmiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baſer hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man juſtly boaſts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to ſhield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel ſun-ſhine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected uſe,

Are riches worth your care (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupplied)
This noble end is to produce the ſoul:
To ſhew the virtues in their faireſt light;
To make humanity the miniſter
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breaſt
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly ſage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong, he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (ſtrange to tell) he practis'd what he preach'd.

NUMBER XVII.

——Trifles ſuch as theſe
To ſerious miſchief lead.

THE DISTRESSES OF AN AUTHOR.

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally expoſed; yet ſome ſpecies of intellectual diſtreſs are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of diſeaſe and poverty, pain and ſorrow, are conſequently derived from others; but ſhame and confuſion are ſuppoſed to proceed from ourſelves, and to be incurred only by the miſconduct which they puniſh. This ſuppoſition is indeed ſpecious; but I am convinced by the ſtrongeſt evidence, that it is not true: I can oppoſe experience to theory; and as it will appear that I ſuffer conſiderable loſs by my teſtimony, it muſt be allowed to have the moſt diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of ſincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced and defended it in all companies; and, as the laſt effort of my genius in its behalf, I contrived a ſeries of events by which it was illuſtrated and eſtabliſhed; and that I might ſubſtitute action for narrative, and decorate ſentiments with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my ſtory by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour, wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finiſhed, I ſat down like Hercules after his labours, exulting in the paſt, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a viſit; and when I went abroad, I always put it into my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increaſing; and was at length mentioned with ſuch commendation to a very great lady, that ſhe was pleaſed to favour me with a meſſage, by which I was invited to breakfaſt at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a ſelect company would then expect the pleaſure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and eſpecially this meſſage,

was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected with great ſelf-complacence, upon the general complaint, that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who had been neglected, were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain, but near; and that the repreſentation of my play would be ſecured by a meſſage to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of ſolicitation and attendance unneceſſary.

Elated with theſe expectations, I roſe early in the morning; and being dreſſed long before it was time to ſet out, I amuſed myſelf by repeating the favourite paſſages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite anſwers to the compliments that ſhould be made me, and adjuſting the ceremony of my viſit.

I obſerved the time appointed with ſuch punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was ſtriking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwiſe engaged, it happened that the ſervant whoſe place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his ſtead; and upon hearing my name, advanced directly before me into the room; ſo that no diſcovery was made

of an enormous queue of brown paper, which ſome miſchievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major perriwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment, where, after I had got within a very large Indian ſcreen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little diſconcerted at my firſt addreſs, by the reſpect that was ſhewn me, and the curioſity with which I was regarded. However, I made my general obeiſance; and addreſſing myſelf in particular to the elder of the ladies, whom I conſidered as my patroneſs, I expreſſed my ſenſe of the honour ſhe had done me, in a ſhort ſpeech which I had preconceived for the purpoſe; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whoſe favour I had acknowledged was not yet come down. This miſtake increaſed my confuſion; for as I could not again repeat the ſame words, I reflected, that I ſhould be at laſt unprepared for the occaſion on which they were to have been uſed. The company all this while continued ſtanding. I therefore haſtily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was ſeated, I perceived every one labouring to ſtifle a laugh. I inſtantly ſuſpected that I had committed ſome ridiculous inde-

corum; and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence; but after ſome heſitation, my extreme ſenſibility ſtruck me ſpeechleſs. The gentleman, however, kindly diſcovered the cauſe of their merriment, by exclaiming againſt the rude licentiouſneſs of the vulgar, and at the ſame time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This diſcovery afforded me inexpreſſible relief; my paper ramellie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced; but I was ſtill embaraſſed by the conſequences of my miſtake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with ſolicitude and apprehenſion.

When ſhe came in, the deference with which ſhe was treated by perſons who were ſo much my ſuperiors, ſtruck me with awe; my powers of recollection were ſuſpended, and I reſolved to expreſs my ſentiments only by the lowneſs of my bow and the diſtance of my behaviour. I therefore haſtily retreated backward; and at the ſame time, bowing with the moſt profound reverence, unhappily overturned the ſcreen, which in its fall threw down the breakfaſt table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midſt of this ruin, I ſtood

torpid in ſilence and amazement, ſtunned with the ſhrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china; and while I conſidered myſelf as the author of ſuch complicated miſchief, I believe I felt as keen anguiſh as he, who with a halter about his neck, looks up, while the other end of it is faſtening to a gibbet.

The ſcreen, however, was ſoon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady ſometimes adverted to me. She politely deſired that I would conſider the accident as of no conſequence; the china, ſhe ſaid, was a trifle; and ſhe hoped Pompey was more frightened than hurt. I made ſome apology, but with great confuſion and incoherence. At length, however, we were again ſeated, and breakfaſt was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the diſcourſe turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the conſequences of his hurt. It was examined with great attention and ſolicitude, and found to be a razure of the ſkin the whole length of one of his fore-legs. After ſome topical application, his cuſhion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteouſly.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had juſt made an attempt to introduce a new ſubject of converſation, when, caſting my eyes downward, I was again thrown into extreme confuſion, by ſeeing ſomething hang from the fore-part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my ſhirt, though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I ſat, and which, during the confuſion produced by the fall of the ſcreen, had been left in the chair.

My embarraſſment was ſoon diſcovered, though the cauſe was miſtaken; and the lady hoping to remove it by giving me an opportunity to diſplay my abilities, without the reſtraint of ceremony, requeſted that I would now give her the pleaſure which ſhe had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce; and having found an opportunity haſtily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuſcript lay open in my lap, I began to read; and though my voice was at firſt languid, tremulous, and irreſolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my ſituation to my ſubject. I pronounced with greater emphaſis and propriety; and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to pro-

duce upon my auditors; but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I paused to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who still continued to whine upon his cushion, and was lamented in these affectionate and pathetic terms—"Ah! poor, "dear, pretty, little creature."

It happened, however, that by some incidents in the fourth act, the passions were apparently interested; and I was just exulting in my success, when the lady who sat next me unhappily opening her snuff-box, which was not effected without some difficulty, the dust that flew up threw me into a fit of sneezing, which instantly caused my upper lip to put me again out of countenance. I therefore hastily felt for my handkerchief; and it was not with less emotion than if I had seen a ghost, that I discovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time, the opprobrious effusion descended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away, with looks which shewed that their pity was not proof against the ridicule of my distress. What I suffered at this moment can neither be expressed nor conceiv-

ed: I turned my head this way and that, in the anguiſh of my mind, without knowing what I ſought; and at laſt, holding up my manuſcript before my face, I was compelled to make uſe of the end of my neckloth, which I again buttoned into my boſom. After many painful efforts, I proceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finiſhed, and they expreſſed great impatience to hear the cataſtrophe. I therefore began the fifth with freſh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, profeſſors of buckiſm, who came with a deſign to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I roſe up with the reſt of the company when they came in; but what was my aſtoniſhment, to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately ſecured by one corner, hang down from my waiſt to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble buck who ſtood neareſt me, who ſwearing an oath of aſtoniſhment, twitched the napkin from me, and throwing it to the ſervant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for

it. The young ladies were ſcarce leſs confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herſelf was ſomewhat diſconcerted: She ſaw my extreme confuſion, and thought fit to apologize for her couſin's behaviour: "He is a wild boy, Sir," ſays ſhe, "he plays "theſe tricks with every body; but it is his "way, and nobody minds it." When we were once more ſeated, the bucks, upon the peremptory refuſal of the ladies to go out, declared they would ſtay and hear the laſt act of my tragedy. I was therefore requeſted to go on; but my ſpirits were quite exhauſted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the preſence of two perſons, who appeared to conſider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and ſport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already loſt in my own eſtimation; and had ſcarce any wiſh, but to return without further diſgrace into the quiet ſhade of obſcurity. The ladies, however, would take no denial; and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleaſed and ſurpriſed at the attention with which my new auditors ſeemed

to liſten as I went on. The dog was now ſilent; I increaſed the pathos of my voice in proportion as I aſcended the climax of diſtreſs, and flattered myſelf that poetry and truth would be ſtill victorious. But juſt at this criſis, the gentleman who had diſengaged me from the napkin, deſired me to ſtop half a moment; ſomething, he ſaid, had juſt ſtarted into his mind, which, if he did not communicate, he might forget; then, turning to his his companion, "Jack," ſays he, "there was "ſold in Smithfield, no longer ago than laſt "Saturday, the largeſt ox that ever I beheld "in my life." The ridicule of this malicious apoſtrophe was ſo ſtriking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patroneſs herſelf burſt into laughter. Upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unſucceſsful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more ſhame, confuſion, and anguiſh. The laughter into which the company had been ſurpriſed, was, however, immediately ſuppreſſed, and a ſevere cenſure paſſed upon the perſon who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had ſuffered, the ladies expreſſed the utmoſt impatience to hear the concluſion; and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to

proceed. But though I once more attempted to recollect myſelf, and again began the ſpeech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were ſtill diſtracted; my voice faultered; and I had ſcarce breath to finiſh the firſt period.

This was remarked by my tormentor the buck, who ſuddenly ſnatched the manuſcript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play juſtice, and that he would finiſh it himſelf. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited ſenſations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched, by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

In the action of my play, virtue had been ſuſtained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happineſs, during a ſeries of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the ſucceſs of her own projects, had been betrayed into ſhame, perplexity, and confuſion. The events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonſtration, "that the torments of Tar-

"tarus, and the felicity of Elyſium, were "not neceſſary to the juſtification of the gods; "ſince whatever inequality might be pre- "tended in the diſtribution of externals, peace "is ſtill the prerogative of virtue, and intel- "lectual miſery can be inflicted only by "guilt."

But the intellectual miſery which I ſuffered at the very moment when this favourite ſentiment was read, produced an irreſiſtible conviction that it was falſe; becauſe, except the dread of that puniſhment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the proſecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart, by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the miſery that I ſuffered, ſuddenly propagated itſelf; for not only enjoyment, but hope was now at an end; my play, upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was ſo much affected, that I took my leave with the abrubt haſte of diſtreſs and perplexity. I had no concern about what ſhould be ſaid of me when I was departed; and, perhaps, at the moment when I went out of the houſe, there was not in the world any human being more

wretched than myſelf. The next morning, when I reflected coolly upon theſe events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expence of my morals. I would have ſuppoſed that my deſire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my diſtreſs; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not poſſible; and that no man becomes vicious by not effecting impoſſibilities. There may be heights of virtue beyond our reach; but to be vicious, we muſt either do ſomething from which we have power to abſtain, or neglect ſomething which we have power to do. There remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had loſt, but ſetting a truth, which I had newly diſcovered by means ſo extraordinary, in a new light.

NUMBER XVIII.

And every ſhepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

HOPE, AN ODE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottoes are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains are border'd with moſs,
Where the hairbels and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
Oh how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac, to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As—ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear;
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak; and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

NUMBER XIX.

The cheerful ſage, when ſolemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counſel in a tale.

JOURNEY OF OBIDAH.

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the valleys, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning-ſong of the bird of paradiſe; he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance

of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring; all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation. He entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irriſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling; but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He therefore ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſic of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets,

cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider, whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common tract; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside on every cascade; and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory; and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused; afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong; yet conscious that the time

of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed from him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. He was now rouſed, by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly. He now ſaw how happineſs is loſt when eaſe is conſulted: He lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker; and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find the iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand; for the beaſts of the deſert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills:

Work'd into ſudden rage by wint'ry ſhow'rs,
Down the ſteep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain ſhepherd hears the diſtant noiſe.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him. His breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light; and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, "Tell me," ſaid the hermit, "by what chance thou haſt "been brought hither; I have been now "twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderneſs, "in which I never ſaw a man before." Obidah then related the occurences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

" Son, (ſaid the hermit) let the errors and " follies, the dangers and eſcapes of this day, " ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my " ſon, that human life is the journey of a day. " We riſe in the morning of youth, full of " vigour, and full of expectation; we ſet for- " ward with ſpirit and hope, with gaiety, " and with diligence, and travel on a while " in the ſtraight road of piety towards the " manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time, we remit " our fervour, and endeavour to find ſome " mitigation of our duty, and ſome more eaſy " means of obtaining the ſame end. We " then relax our vigour, and reſolve no longer " to be terrified with crimes at a diſtance; " but rely upon our own conſtancy, and ven- " ture to approach what we reſolve never to " touch. We thus enter the bowers of eaſe, " and repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity. Here " the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides: " We are then willing to enquire whether " another advance cannot be made, and whe- " ther we may not at leaſt turn our eyes upon " the gardens of pleaſure. We approach them, " with ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, " but enter them timorous and trembling, " and always hope to paſs through them " without loſing the road of virtue, which

" we, for a while, keep in our ſight, and to
" which we propoſe to return. But tempta-
" tion ſucceeds temptation, and one compli-
" ance prepares us for another; we in time
" loſe the happineſs of innocence, and ſolace
" our diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. By
" degrees we let fall the remembrance of our
" original intention, and quit the only ade-
" quate object of rational deſire. We en-
" tangle ourſelves in buſineſs, emerge our-
" ſelves in luxury, and rove through the
" labyrinths of inconſtancy, till the darkneſs
" of old age begins to invade us, and diſeaſe
" and anxiety obſtruct our way. We then
" look back upon our lives with horror, with
" ſorrow, with repentance; and wiſh, but
" too often vainly wiſh, that we had not for-
" ſaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they,
" my ſon, who ſhall learn, from thy example,
" not to deſpair; but ſhall remember, that
" though the day is paſt, and their ſtrength is
" waſted, there yet remains one effort to be
" made; that reformation is never hopeleſs, nor
" ſincere endeavours ever unaſſiſted; that the
" wanderer may at length return after all his
" errors; and that he who implores ſtrength
" and courage from above, ſhall find danger
" and difficulty give way before him. Go

" now, my ſon, to thy repoſe; commit thy-
" ſelf to the care of omnipotence; and when
" the morning calls again to toil, begin anew
" thy journey and thy life."

NUMBER XX.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, pow'r, and affluence ſurround,
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan;
Oh! give relief, and heav'n will bleſs your ſtore.

Theſe tatter'd clothes my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon houſe, erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road;
For plenty there a reſidence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

Oh! take me to your hoſpitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb;
For I am poor, and miſerably old.

Should I reveal the ſources of my grief,
If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repreſt.

Heav'n ſends misfortunes; why ſhould we repine?
'Tis heav'n has brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The child of ſorrow and of miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I ſprightly hail'd the morn:
But ah! oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot;
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care!
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to deſpair,
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan;
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bleſs your ſtore.

NUMBER XXI.

Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay.

LOUISA.

IF we examine impartially that eſtimate of pleaſure, which the higher ranks of people are apt to form, we ſhall probably be ſurpriſed to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real ſatisfaction. Many a faſhionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taſte or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has ſuffered from the inſipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were ſometimes worth while, even on the ſcore of pleaſure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward ———, to whom I had the pleaſure of being introduced at Florence, was

a character much beyond that which diſtinguiſhes the generality of Engliſh travellers of fortune. His ſtory was known to ſome of his countrymen, who then reſided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of ſomething beſide pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been firſt abroad at an early period of life, ſoon after the death of his father had left him maſter of a very large eſtate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always ſumptuous, however, and ſometimes profuſe, he was obſerved never to be ridiculous in his expences; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleaſure and diſſipation, he always left behind more inſtances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that reſpect and eſteem in which his character, amidſt all his little errors, was generally held, he was ſuppoſed a good deal indebted to the ſociety of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the univerſity, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was unfortunately ſeized at Marſeilles with a lingering diſorder, for which he was under the neceſſity of taking a ſea-voyage, leaving Sir Edward to pro-

ſecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Deſcending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithſtanding the ruggedneſs of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an Engliſh hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horſe unluckily made a falſe ſtep, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his ſervants with ſcarce any ſigns of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the neareſt houſe, which happened to be the dwelling of a peaſant rather above the common rank, before whoſe door ſome of his neighbours were aſſembled at a ſcene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their maſter in the condition I have deſcribed. The compaſſion natural to his ſituation was excited in all; but the owner of the manſion, whoſe name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himſelf immediately to the care of the ſtranger, and, with the aſſiſtance of his daughter, who had left the dance ſhe was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, ſoon reſtored Sir Edward to ſenſe and life. Venoni poſſeſſed ſome little ſkill in ſurgery; and his daughter produced a book of receipts in me-

dicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every poſſible care by his hoſt and his family. A conſiderable degree of fever was the conſequence of his accident; but after ſome days it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the ſociety of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expreſſing ſome ſurpriſe at the appearance of refinement in the converſation of the latter, much beyond what her ſituation ſeemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her edution in the houſe of a lady, who happened to paſs through the valley, and to take ſhelter in Venoni's cottage (for his houſe was but a better ſort of cottage) the night of her birth. "When "her mother died," ſaid he, "the ſignora, "whoſe name, at her deſire, we had given "the child, took her home to her own houſe; "there ſhe was taught many things, of which "there is no need here; yet ſhe is not ſo "proud of her learning, as to wiſh to leave "her father in his old age; and I hope ſoon "to have her ſettled near me for life."

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louiſa better than from the deſcription of her father. Muſic and painting, in

both of which arts ſhe was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had ſtudied with ſucceſs. Louiſa felt a ſort of pleaſure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praiſed by Sir Edward; and the family concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his gueſt was ſo far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other muſic of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his converſation with Louiſa—it was that of a ſuperior order of beings!—ſcience, taſte, ſentiment!——it was long ſince Louiſa had heard theſe ſounds; amidſt the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the moſt engaging figures I ever ſaw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance there was always an expreſſion animated and intereſting; his ſickneſs had overcome ſomewhat of the firſt; but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louiſa's was no leſs captivating—and Sir Edward had not ſeen it ſo long without emotion. During his illneſs, he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it firſt grew

warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her ſituation, and of the debt he owed her. But the ſtruggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and of conſequence, increaſed his paſſion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He ſometimes thought of this as a baſe and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often deſpiſed, the ſlave of manners he had often condemned. He at laſt compromiſed matters with himſelf; he reſolved, if he could, to think no more of Louiſa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the reſtraints of virtue.

Louiſa, who truſted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important ſecret. It was at the cloſe of a piece of muſic, which they had been playing in the abſence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which ſhe had compoſed to the memory of her mother. "That," ſaid ſhe, "nobody ever heard except my fa-"ther; I play it ſometimes when I am alone, "and in low ſpirits. I don't know how I "came to think of it now; yet I have ſome "reaſon to be ſad." Sir Edward preſſed to know the cauſe; after ſome heſitation ſhe

told it all. Her father had fixed on the ſon of a neighbour, rich in poſſeſſions, but rude in manners, for her huſband. Againſt this match ſhe had always proteſted as ſtrongly as a ſenſe of duty and the mildneſs of her nature would allow; but Venoni was obſtinately bent on the match; and ſhe was wretched from the thoughts of it.—"To marry where one can-" not love,—to marry ſuch a man, Sir Ed-ward!——It was an opportunity beyond his power of reſiſtance. Sir Edward preſſed her hand; ſaid it would be profanation to think of ſuch a marriage; praiſed her beauty; ex-tolled her virtues; and concluded, by ſwearing, that he adored her. She heard him with un-ſuſpecting pleaſure, which her bluſhes could ill conceal.—Sir Edward improved the fa-vourable moment; talked of the ardency of his paſſion, the inſignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of thoſe dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happineſs. Louiſa ſtarted at that propoſal. She would have re-proached him; but her heart was not made for it; ſhe could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father, with his intended ſon-in-law. He

was juſt ſuch a man as Louiſa had repreſented him; coarſe, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above their neighbour in every other thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and diſcovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aſide, told her he had brought her future huſband, and that he intended they ſhould be married in a week at fartheſt.

Next morning Louiſa was indiſpoſed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louiſa.

In the evening ſhe wandered forth to indulge her ſorrows alone. She had reached a ſequeſtered ſpot, where ſome poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little ſtream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accuſtomed ſong. Louiſa ſat down on a withered ſtump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was ſcared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louiſa roſe from the ground, and burſt into tears! She turned—and beheld Sir Edward.

His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he caſt on the earth a melancholy look, and ſeemed unable to ſpeak his feelings. "Are you not "well, Sir Edward?" ſaid Louiſa, with a "voice faint and broken.—"I am ill indeed," ſaid he; "but my illneſs is of the mind. "Louiſa cannot cure me of that. I am "wretched; but I deſerve to be ſo. I "have broken every law of hoſpitality, and "every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wiſh for happineſs, and to ſpeak what "I wiſhed, though it wounded the heart of "my deareſt benefactreſs—but I will make a "ſevere expiation. This moment I leave "you, Louiſa! I go to be wretched; but "you may be happy; happy in your duty "to a father, happy, it may be, in the arms "of a huſband, whom the poſſeſſion of ſuch "a wife may teach refinement and ſenſibility. "—I go to my native country, to hurry "through ſcenes of irkſome buſineſs, or taſteleſs amuſement; that I may, if poſſible "procure a ſort of half-oblivion of that happineſs which I have left behind; a liftleſs endurance of that life which I once "dreamed might be made delightful with "Louiſa."

Tears were the only anſwer ſhe could give. Sir Edward's ſervants appeared with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of Louiſa, he faſtened round his neck, and, kiſſing it with rapture, hid it in his boſom. The other he held out in a heſitating manner. "This," ſaid he, "if Louiſa will accept of "it, may ſometimes put her in mind of him "who once offended, who can never ceaſe to "adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, "after the original is no more; when this "heart ſhall have forgot to love, and ceaſe to "be wretched.

Louiſa was at laſt overcome. Her face was firſt pale as death; then ſuddenly it was croſſed with a crimſon bluſh. "Oh! Sir "Edward," ſaid ſhe, "what—what would "you have me do?"—He eagerly ſeized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it; and driving off with furious ſpeed, were ſoon out of ſight of thoſe hills which paſtured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

The virtue of Louiſa was vanquiſhed; but her ſenſe of virtue was not overcome.—Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her ſeducer, nor the conſtant and reſpectful attention which

he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguiſh which ſhe ſuffered at the recollection of her paſt, and the thoughts of her preſent ſituation. Sir Edward felt ſtrongly the power of her beauty, and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed; it was ſtill ſubject to remorſe, to compaſſion, and to love. Theſe emotions, perhaps, he might ſoon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding ſorrows of Louiſa nouriſhed thoſe feelings of tenderneſs and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words; ſometimes a few ſtarting tears would ſpeak them; and when time had given her a little more compoſure, her lute diſcourſed melancholy muſic.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louiſa to his ſeat in the country. There ſhe was treated with all the obſervance of a wife; and, had ſhe choſen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary ſplendor of one. But ſhe would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward, to blazon with equipage, and ſhew that ſtate which ſhe wiſhed to hide, and, if poſſible to forget. Her books and

her muſic were her only pleaſures; if pleaſures they could be called, that ſerved but to alleviate miſery, and to blunt for a while the pangs of contrition.

Theſe were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father; a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes, and his daughter's diſgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make ſome atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the baſe, but to the honeſt is inſult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accompliſhing his purpoſe. He learned that Venoni, ſoon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of reſidence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguiſh the moſt poignant; and her affliction, for a while, refuſed conſolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderneſs and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its firſt tranſports had ſubſided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man poſſeſſed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louiſa gave a cer-

tain reſpect to his attentions. He hired her a houſe, ſeparate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the pureſt attachment. But his ſolicitude to comfort and amuſe her was not attended with ſucceſs. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which ſhe now conſidered as not only the ruin of herſelf, but the murderer of her father.

In London, Sir Edward found his ſiſter, who had married a man of great fortune and high faſhion. He had married her, becauſe ſhe was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; ſhe had married him, becauſe he was the wealthieſt of her ſuitors. They lived, as is common to people in ſuch a ſituation, neceſſitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidſt perpetual gaiety. This ſcene was ſo foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a conſtant ſource of diſguſt in the ſociety of his equals. In their converſation, fantaſtic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge ſhallow; and with all the pride of birth and inſolence of ſtation, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he diſcovered only deſigns of ſelfiſhneſs; and their pleaſures, he experienc-

ed, were as fallacious as their friendſhips. In the ſociety of Louiſa he found ſenſibility and truth; her's was the only heart that ſeemed intereſted in his welfare. She ſaw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendſhip which he ſhewed her. Sometimes, when ſhe perceived him ſorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance aſſume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguiſh which her generoſity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the ſtruggle with her feelings, ſeemed to yield to their force; her reſt forſook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the luſtre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward ſaw theſe ſymptoms of decay with the deepeſt remorſe. Often did he curſe thoſe falſe ideas of pleaſure which had led him to conſider the ruin of an artleſs girl, who loved and truſted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accompliſh. Often did he wiſh to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again reſtored to an opportunity of giving happineſs to that family, whoſe unſuſpecting kindneſs he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an aſſaſſin.

One evening, while he ſat in a little parlour with Louiſa, his mind alternately agitated and ſoftened with this impreſſion, a hand-organ, of a remarkably ſweet tone, was heard in the ſtreet. Louiſa laid aſide her lute and liſtened. The airs it played were thoſe of her native country; and a few tears, which ſhe endeavoured to hide, ſtole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a ſervant to fetch the organiſt into the room. He was brought in accordingly, and ſeated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two ſprightly tunes, to which Louiſa had often danced in her infancy: She gave herſelf up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the muſician changed the ſtop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind. Louiſa ſtarted from her ſeat, and ruſhed up to the ſtranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father!—She would have ſprung to embrace him; he turned aſide for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at laſt overcame his reſentment; he burſt into tears, and preſſed to his boſom his long-loſt daughter.

Sir Edward ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment and confuſion.—"I come not to upbraid you," ſaid Venoni; "I am a poor, weak, old man, "unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find "my child, to forgive her, and to die? When "you ſaw us firſt, Sir Edward, we were not "thus. You found us virtuous and happy: "we danced and we ſung; and there was not "a ſad heart in the valley where we dwelt. "Yet we left our dancing, our ſongs, and "our cheerfulneſs; you were diſtreſſed, and "we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has "never been heard in Venoni's fields; grief "and ſickneſs have almoſt brought him to "the grave; and his neighbours, who loved "and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. "Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of "happineſs, you are not happy; elſe why that "dejected look, which, amidſt all the grandeur "around you, I ſaw you wear, and thoſe tears "which, under all the gaudineſs of her appa-"rel, I ſaw that poor deluded girl ſhed?"— "But ſhe ſhall ſhed no more," cried Sir Edward; "you ſhall be happy, and I ſhall be "juſt. Forgive, my venerable friend, the in-"juries which I have done thee; forgive me, "my Louiſa, for rating your excellence at a "price ſo mean. I have ſeen thoſe high-born

" females to which my rank might have al-
" lied me; I am aſhamed of their vices, and
" ſick of their follies. Profligate in their
" hearts, amidſt affected purity, they are ſlaves
" to pleaſure, without the ſincerity of paſſion;
" and, with the name of honour, are inſenſible
" to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louiſa!
" —but I will not call up recollections that
" might render me leſs worthy of your future
" eſteem—Continue to love your Edward; but
" few hours, and you ſhall add the title to the
" affections of a wife; let the care and ten-
" derneſs of a huſband bring back its peace to
" your mind, and its bloom from your cheek.
" We will leave for a while the wonder and
" the envy of the faſhionable circle here. We
" will reſtore your father to his native home;
" under that roof I ſhall once more be happy;
" happy without allay, becauſe I ſhall deſerve
" my happineſs. Again ſhall the pipe and
" the dance gladden the valley, and innocence
" and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni!"

NUMBER XXII.

Here blame not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life ſo ſhort a date.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

I.

WHEN chill November's ſurly blaſt
Made fields and foreſts bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I ſpy'd a man, whoſe aged ſtep
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young ſtranger, whither wand'reſt thou?
Began the rev'rend ſage;
Does thirſt of wealth thy ſtep conſtrain,
Or youthful pleaſure's rage?

Or haply, preſt with cares and woes,
Too ſoon thou haſt began
To wander forth, with me to mourn
The miſeries of man.

III.

The ſun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-ſpreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to ſupport
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've ſeen yon weary winter-ſun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

IV.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Miſpending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious, youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the ſway;
Licentious paſſions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is uſeful to his kind,
Supported is his right:

But ſee him on the edge of life,
With cares and ſorrows worn;
Then age and want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Shew man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few ſeem favourites of fate,
In pleaſure's lap careſt;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewiſe truly bleſt.
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Through weary life this leſſon learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and ſharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed ſtill we make ourſelves,
Regret, remorſe, and ſhame!
And man, whoſe heav'n-erected face,
The ſmiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countleſs thouſands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;

And ſee his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition ſpurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpleſs offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm deſigned yon lordling's ſlave,
By nature's law deſign'd,
Why was an independent wiſh
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I ſubject to
His cruelty or ſcorn!
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn!

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my ſon
Diſturb thy youthful breaſt:
This partial view of human kind
Is ſurely not the laſt!
The poor, oppreſſed, honeſt man
Had never, ſure, been born,
Had there not been ſome recompence
To comfort thoſe that mourn!

XI.

O Death! the poor man's deareſt friend,
The kindeſt and the beſt!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at reſt!

The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleaſure torn;
But, Oh! a bleſt relief to thoſe
That weary-laden mourn?

NUMBER XXIII.

But happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I KNOW not whence it proceeds, that women are ſo apt to take amiſs every thing that is ſaid in diſparragement of the married ſtate; and always conſider a ſatyr upon matrimony as a ſatyr upon themſelves. Do they mean by this, that they are the parties principally concerned; and that if a backwardneſs to enter into that ſtate ſhould prevail in the world, they would be the greateſt ſufferers? or, are they ſenſible that the misfortunes and miſcar-

riages of the married ſtate are owing more to their ſex than to ours? I hope they do not intend to confeſs either of theſe two particulars, or to give ſuch an advantage to their adverſaries, the men, as even to allow them to ſuſpect it.

I have often had thoughts of complying with this humour of the fair ſex, and of writing a panegyric on marriage; but, in looking around for materials, they ſeemed to be of ſo mixed a nature, that at the concluſion of my reflections, I found I was as much diſpoſed to write a ſatyr, which might be placed on the oppoſite pages of my panegyric; and I am afraid, that as ſatyr is, on moſt occaſions, thought to have more truth in it than panegyric, I ſhould have done their cauſe more harm than good by this expedient. To miſrepreſent facts is what I know they will not require of me. I muſt be more a friend to truth, than even to them, where their intereſts are oppoſite.

I ſhall tell the women what it is our ſex complains of moſt in the married ſtate; and if they be diſpoſed to ſatisfy us in this particular, all the other differences will be eaſily accommodated. If I be not miſtaken, it is their love of dominion which is the ground of

the quarrel; though it is very likely, that they will think it an unreaſonable love of it in us, which makes us inſiſt ſo much upon that point. However this may be, no paſſion ſeems to have more influence on female minds, than this for power; and there is a remarkable inſtance in hiſtory of its prevailing above another paſſion, which is the only one that can be ſuppoſed a proper counterpoiſe to it. We are told, that all the women in Scythia once conſpired againſt the men, and kept the ſecret ſo well, that they executed their deſign before they were ſuſpected. They ſurpriſed the men in drink, or aſleep; bound them all faſt in chains; and having called a ſolemn council of the whole ſex, it was debated what expedient ſhould be uſed to improve the preſent advantage, and prevent their falling again into ſlavery. To kill all the men did not ſeem to the reliſh of any part of the aſſembly, notwithſtanding the injuries formerly received; and they were afterwards pleaſed to make a great merit of this lenity of theirs. It was therefore agreed to put out the eyes of the whole male ſex, and thereby reſign for ever after all the vanity they could draw from their beauty, in order to ſecure their authority. We muſt no longer pretend to dreſs and ſhew, ſay

they; but then we ſhall be free from ſlavery. We ſhall hear no more tender ſighs; but in return, we ſhall hear no more imperious commands. Love muſt for ever leave us; but he will carry ſubjection along with him.

It is regarded by ſome as an unlucky circumſtance, ſince the women were reſolved to maim the men, and deprive them of ſome of their ſenſes, in order to render them humble and dependent, that the ſenſe of hearing could not ſerve their purpoſe, ſince it is probable the females would rather have attacked that than the ſight; and I think it is agreed among the learned, that, in a married ſtate, it is not near ſo great an inconvenience to loſe the former ſenſe as the latter. However this may be, we are told, by modern anecdotes, that ſome of the Scythian women did ſecretly ſpare their huſbands eyes; preſuming, I ſuppoſe, that they would govern them as well by means of that ſenſe as without it. But ſo incorrigible and intractable were theſe men, that their wives were all obliged, in a few years, as their youth and beauty decayed, to imitate the example of their ſiſters, which it was no difficult matter to do, in a ſtate where the female ſex had once got the ſuperiority.

I know not if our Scottiſh ladies derive any thing of this humour from their Scythian anceſtors; but, I muſt confeſs, that I have often been ſurpriſed to ſee a woman very well pleaſed to take a fool for her mate, that ſhe might govern with the leſs controul; and could not but think her ſentiments, in this reſpect, ſtill more barbarous than thoſe of the Scythian women above mentioned, as much as the eyes of the underſtanding are more valuable than thoſe of the body.

But to be juſt, and to lay the blame more equally, I am afraid it is the fault of our ſex, if the women be ſo fond of rule; and that if we did not abuſe our authority, they would never think it worth while to diſpute it. Tyrants, we know, produce rebels; and all hiſtory informs us, that rebels, when they prevail, are apt to become tyrants in their turn. For this reaſon, I could wiſh there were no pretenſions to authority on either ſide; but that every thing was carried on with perfect equality, as betwixt two equal members of the ſame body. And to induce both parties to embrace thoſe amicable ſentiments, I ſhall deliver to them Plato's account of the origin of love and marriage.

Mankind, according to that fanciful philoſopher, were not, in their original, divided into male and female, as at preſent; but each individual perſon was a compound of both ſexes, and was in himſelf both huſband and wife, melted down into one living creature. This union no doubt was very entire, and the parts very well adjuſted together, ſince there reſulted a perfect harmony betwixt the male and female, although they were obliged to be inſeparable companions. And ſo great was the harmony and happineſs flowing from it, that the Androgynes (for ſo Plato calls them) or men-women, became inſolent upon their proſperity, and rebelled againſt the gods. To puniſh them for this temerity, Jupiter could contrive no better expedient, than to divorce the male part from the female, and make two imperfect beings of the compound, which was before ſo perfect. Hence the origin of men and women, as diſtinct creatures. But notwithſtanding this diviſion, ſo lively is our remembrance of the happineſs we enjoyed in our primæval ſtate, that we are never at reſt in this ſituation; but each of theſe halves is continually ſearching through the ſpecies to find the other half, which was broken from it; and when they meet, they join again with

the greateſt fondneſs and ſympathy. But it often happens, that they are miſtaken in this particular; that they take for their half what no way correſponds to them; and that the parts do not meet nor join in with each other, as is uſual in fractures. In this caſe the union is ſoon diſſolved; and each part is ſet looſe again, to hunt for its loſt half, joining itſelf to every one it meets, by way of trial, and enjoying no reſt, till its perfect ſympathy with its partner ſhews, that it has at laſt been ſucceſsful in its endeavours.

Were I diſpoſed to carry on this fiction of Plato, which accounts for the mutual love betwixt the ſexes in ſo agreeable a manner, I would do it by the following allegory.

When Jupiter had ſeparated the male from the female, and had quelled their pride and ambition by ſo ſevere an operation, he could not but repent him of the cruelty of his vengeance, and take compaſſion on poor mortals, who were now become incapable of any repoſe or tranquillity. Such cravings, ſuch anxieties, ſuch neceſſities aroſe, as made them curſe their creation, and think exiſtence itſelf a puniſhment. In vain had they recourſe to every other occupation and amuſement. In vain did they ſeek after every pleaſure

of ſenſe, and every refinement of reaſon. Nothing could fill that void, which they felt in their hearts, or ſupply the loſs of their partner, who was ſo fatally ſeparated from them. To remedy this diſorder, and to beſtow ſome comfort, at leaſt, on human race in their forlorn ſituation, Jupiter ſent down Love and Hymen, to collect the broken halves of human kind, and piece them together in the beſt manner poſſible. Theſe two deities found ſuch a prompt diſpoſition in mankind to unite again in their primitive ſtate, that they proceeded on their work with wonderful ſucceſs for ſome time, till at laſt, from many unlucky accidents, diſſenſion aroſe betwixt them. The chief counſellor and favourite of Hymen was Care, who was continually filling his patron's head with proſpects of futurity; a ſettlement, family, children, ſervants; ſo that little elſe was regarded in all the matches they made. On the other hand, Love had choſen Pleaſure for his favourite, who was as pernicious a counſellor as the other, and would never allow love to look beyond the preſent momentary gratification, or the ſatisfying of the prevailing inclination. Theſe two favourites became in a little time irreconcileable enemies, and made it their chief buſineſs to undermine

each other in all their undertakings. No ſooner had love fixed upon the halves, which he was cementing together, and forming to a cloſe union, but care inſinuates himſelf; and bringing Hymen along with him, diſſolves the union produced by Love, and joins each half to ſome other half, which he had provided for it. To be revenged of this, Pleaſure creeps in upon a pair already joined by Hymen; and calling Love to his aſſiſtance, they under-hand contrive to join each half by ſecret links, to halves which Hymen was wholly unacquainted with. It was not long before this quarrel was felt in its pernicious conſequences; and ſuch complaints aroſe before the throne of Jupiter, that he was obliged to ſummon the offending parties to appear before him, in order to give an account of their proceedings. After hearing the pleadings on both ſides, he ordered an immediate reconcilement betwixt Love and Hymen, as the only expedient for giving happineſs to mankind; and that he might be ſure this reconcilement ſhould be durable, he laid his ſtrict injunctions on them never to join any halves, without conſulting their favourites, Care and Pleaſure, and obtaining the conſent of both to the conjunction. Where this order is ſtrictly ob-

ſerved, the Androgyne is perfectly reſtored, and the human race enjoy the ſame happineſs as in their primæval ſtate. The ſeam is ſcarce perceived that joins the two beings together; but both of them combine to form one perfect and happy creature.

NUMBER XXIV.

Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe embowering woops.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

IN Georgia's land, where Teffle's towers are ſeen
In diſtant view along the level green,
While ev'ning dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade;
What time 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maize at ſetting day,
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.

Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain.
At morn ſhe came, thoſe willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead;
From early dawn the live long hours ſhe told,
Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreath of od'rous flowers ſhe made;
Gay motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe,
The violet blue that o'er the moſs bank grows;
All ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there,
The finiſh'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fatal morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chaſe away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And ſought the vales and echoing groves among;
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain.

Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backwards turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maids to other ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love.
Go leave the ſimple pipe and ſhepherd's ſtrain,
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign;
" Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain or the ſhady grove:
Still with the ſhepherd's innocence, her mind
To the ſweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd;
And oft as ſpring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the Sylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook, all rural in her hand;
Some ſimple lay of flocks and herds they ſung;
With joy the mountain and the foreſt rung.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;

Oft to the ſhades and low roof'd cots retir'd,
Or ſought the vale where firſt the heart was fir'd.
A ruſſet mantle like a ſwain he wore,
And thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !"
Bleſt was the life that royal Abbas led ;
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
The ſimple ſhepherd girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone ;
Or wreath like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her ſay ;
O haſte, profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away !
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !"

NUMBER XXV.

While ſleep oppreſſes the tir'd limbs, the mind
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd.

ON DREAMS.

I ſhall not take up much of your time with the opinions of the ancients in regard to the immediate cauſe of dreaming. Epicurus fancied, that an infinite multitude of ſubtle images, ſome flowing from bodies, ſome formed of their own accord, and others made up of different things variouſly combined, were continually moving up and down in the air about us; and that theſe images, being of extreme fineneſs, penetrate our bodies; and, ſtriking upon the mind, give riſe to that mode of perception which we call imagination, and to which he refers the origin both of our waking thoughts and of our dreams. Ari-

ſtotle ſeems to think that every object of outward ſenſe makes upon the human ſoul, or upon ſome other part of our frame, a certain impreſſion, which remains for ſome time after the object that made it is gone, and which, being afterwards recogniſed by the mind in ſleep, gives riſe to thoſe viſions that then preſent themſelves. Theſe opinions, if one were to examine them, would be found either to amount to nothing that can be underſtood, or to aſcribe to human thought a ſort of material nature, which is perfectly inconceivable.

Neither ſhall I trouble you with enumerating five different ſpecies of dreams acknowledged by ſome of the ancients, and particularly deſcribed by Macrobius. Dreams are indeed of different ſorts and characters; but I ſee no reaſon why they may not be divided into five hundred claſſes, as well as into five. My own remarks I ſhall ſet down without method, and in the order in which they occur to me.

Though ſome of our dreams are exceedingly wild and extravagant, others are more regular, and more like real life. When the mind is at eaſe, and the body in health, we are apt to dream of our ordinary buſineſs.

The paſſions too, which occupy the mind when awake, and the objects and cauſes of thoſe paſſions, are apt to recur in ſleep, though, for the moſt part, under ſome diſguiſe; accompanied with painful circumſtances when we are in trouble, and with more pleaſing ideas when we are happy. To this the poets attend; and, in deſcribing the dreams of their heroes and heroines, are careful to give them a reſemblance to their real fortune. Dido, when forſaken by Æneas, dreams that ſhe is going a long journey alone, and ſeeking her Tyrians in a deſert land:

——Still abandon'd to herſelf,
Cheerleſs, without a guide, ſhe ſeems to go
A long, a tedious, journey, and to ſeek
Her Tyrian ſubjects, or deſerted coaſts.

Thus, uniting, as it were, in one image, the two paſſions that ingroſſed her through the day, love to her people, and a ſenſe of her forlorn condition. Eloiſa, ſeparated for ever from her friend, dreams of being again happy in his company; but the next moment, ſays ſhe,

——Methinks we wandering go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,

Where round ſome mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps:
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.

On theſe occaſions, the poet will not deſcribe a dream exactly like the real circumſtances of the dreamer; he makes it only a ſort of dark allegorical ſimilitude; and this we approve of, becauſe we know that it is according to nature. For a reaſon to be given in the ſequel, it will appear to be mercifully ordered by Providence, that our dreams ſhould thus differ from our waking thoughts; and, from what we know of the influence of our paſſions upon the general tenor of our thinking, we need not wonder that there ſhould be, notwithſtanding, ſome analogy between them. It is this mixture of reſemblance and diverſity, that makes ſome of our dreams allegorical. But when that happens, an attentive obſerver, who is free from ſuperſtition, will find that they allude not to what is future, but to what is preſent or paſt, unleſs where we have been anticipating ſome future event; in which caſe our dreams may poſſibly reſemble our conjectures. Now, if our conjectures be right, and

if our dreams reſemble them, it may happen that there ſhall be a likeneſs between a certain dream and a future occurrence; but in this there is nothing more ſupernatural, than that I ſhould dream to-night of what I have been employed in to-day; for this is nothing more than a particular train of thought impreſſed upon us in ſleep, by a certain previous train of thought into which reaſon and experience had led us when awake. For example, when I ſee a man diſſipating his fortune by debauchery, I may, with reaſon, apprehend that diſeaſe and poverty will ſoon overtake him. If this conjecture trouble me in the day-time, it may alſo recur in ſleep, accompanied with ſome viſionary circumſtances; and I ſhall dream, perhaps, that I ſee him in rags and miſery. Suppoſe this really to happen ſoon after, what opinion am I to entertain concerning my dream? Surely I have no more reaſon to conſider it as prophetical, than I have to look upon the conjecture which gave riſe to it as the effect of inſpiration.

Some of our dreams bear little or no reſemblance to any thing that ever before occurred to our ſenſes or fancy. But this is not common, except in bad health. It holds true in general, that dreams are an imita-

tion, though often a very extravagant one, of reality.

There are people who obſerve, that one particular dream frequently returns upon them. Socrates, in the Phœdo of Plato, tells his friend, that he had all his life been haunted with a viſion of this kind, in which one ſeemed to ſay to him, that he ought to ſtudy muſic. If this repetition of dreams be the effect of habit, which is not unlikely, we may from it learn the expediency of concealing ſuch as are diſagreeable, and baniſhing them from our thoughts as ſoon as we can. Indeed, it is a vulgar obſervation, that they who never ſpeak of dreams are not often troubled with them.

Intemperance of every kind, in eating or drinking, in ſleep or watching, in reſt or exerciſe, tends to make dreams diſagreeable; and therefore, one end of dreaming may be, to recommend ſobriety and moderation. For the time we may employ in ſleep bears a great proportion to the whole of human life; and, if there be any expedient for rendering that portion of our time agreeable, it is ſurely worth while to put it in practice. Habits of virtue and ſoberneſs, the repreſſion of turbulent deſires, and the indulgence of pious, ſo-

cial and cheerful diſpoſitions, are for the moſt part effectual, in giving that lightneſs to the animal ſpirits, and that calm temperature to the blood, which promote thoughts pleaſurable through the day, and ſweet ſlumber and eaſy dreams by night.

The ancients thought that morning-dreams come neareſt the truth. In the morning, no doubt, the perſpiration and digeſtion continued through the night, will make the ſtomach, and the whole frame of the body, more compoſed and cool than when we go to ſleep; and hence, perhaps, it is not abſurd to ſay, that dreams may be more regular then, and more like real life. But if we have paſſed the earlier hours of the morning without ſleep, and fall a-dozing about the time we uſually riſe, our dreams are ſeldom agreeable, and our ſlumber is rather ſtupifying than ſalutary; whence we may perhaps infer, that it is the intention of Nature, that we ſhould riſe early, and at a ſtated hour.

As agreeable thoughts accompany good health; as violent paſſions, and even phrenſy, are the attendants of certain diſeaſes; as dullneſs and confuſion of thought may be occaſioned by a loaded ſtomach; and, as the ſwallowing of much ſtrong liquor produces a

temporary madneſs; as our thoughts, I ſay, when we are awake, are ſo much determined by our bodily habit, it is no wonder that they ſhould be ſtill more liable to ſuch influence when we are aſleep. Accordingly, certain dreams do, for the moſt part, accompany certain poſitions and ſtates of the body. When our breathing is in any degree interrupted, by our head falling awry, by the bed-clothes preſſing on our mouth and noſtrils, or by any internal diſorder, we are apt to dream of going, with great uneaſineſs, through narrow paſſages, where we are in danger of ſuffocation. When the ſtate of the ſtomach and bowels occaſions any convulſive motion in the jaws a thing not uncommon in ſleep, and which frequently produces a ſtrong compreſſion and grinding of the teeth, we are apt to dream that the teeth are looſe, or falling out, or that our mouth is full of pins, or of ſomething very diſagreeable. In cold weather, too, when by any accident we throw aſide the bed-clothes, we ſometimes dream of going naked. Of all theſe facts I have often had experience; and if the thing could be accurately attended to, I make no doubt but many of our dreams might be accounted for in the ſame manner; and therefore, when we have

an uncommon dream, we ought not to look forward with apprehenſion, as if it were to be the forerunner of calamity; but rather backward to ſee whether we can diſcover its cauſe; and whether, from ſuch a diſcovery, we may not learn ſomething that may be profitable to our health.

In ſome conſtitutions, certain dreams do generally go before, or accompany the beginnings of certain diſeaſes. When, for example, there is any tendency to fever, we are apt to dream of performing, with great labour, ſome work, we know not preciſely what, in which we never make any progreſs. This imagination will occur in ſleep, even while one has no means of obſerving, when awake, any ſymptom that could lead one to ſuſpect one's health to be in danger; and, when it does occur, may it not give warning to make ſome change in the ordinary regimen, to eat or drink leſs than uſual, or have recourſe to ſome of thoſe other methods, whereby acute diſtempers are prevented? In general, when one is haunted more than uſual with diſagreeable dreams, it may, I think, be taken as a ſign that ſomething is wrong in the conſtitution; and therefore, that temperance, faſting, or exerciſe, may be requiſite to avert the impending evil.

And theſe are remedies which one may have recourſe to; and in regard to which one may venture to make a few experiments, in almoſt any circumſtances. Agreeable dreams I would take for the ſigns of health, and accordingly conſider them as good, and not evil.

I have hinted that dreams may be uſeful, as phyſical admonitions. What if I ſhould go a ſtep further, and ſay, that they may be ſerviceable as means of our moral improvement? I will not affirm, however, as ſome have done, that by them we may make a more accurate diſcovery of our temper and ruling paſſions, than by obſerving what paſſes in our minds when awake: For, in ſleep, we are very incompetent judges of ourſelves, and of every thing elſe; and one will dream of committing crimes with little remorſe, which, if awake, one could not think of without horror. But, as many of our paſſions are inflamed or allayed by the intemperature of the body, this, I think, may be ſaid with truth, that, by attending to what paſſes in ſleep, we may ſometimes diſcern what paſſions are predominant, and conſequently receive ſome uſeful cautions for the regulation of them. A man dreams, for example, that he is in a violent anger, and that he ſtrikes a blow which knocks a

perſon down, and kills him. He awakes in horror at the thought of what he has done, and of the puniſhment he thinks he has reaſon to apprehend; and while, after a moment's recollection, he rejoices to find that it is but a dream, he will alſo be inclinable to form reſolutions againſt violent anger, leſt it ſhould, one time or other, hurry him on to a real perpetration of a like nature. If we ever derive this advantage from a dream, we cannot pronounce it uſeleſs. And this, or a ſimilar advantage, may ſometimes be derived from dreaming. For why may we not, in this way, reap improvement from a fiction of our own fancy, as well as from a novel, or a fable of Æſop?

One of the fineſt moral tales I ever read, is an account of a dream in the Tatler, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral ſo ſublime and ſo intereſting, that I queſtion whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it; and if he remembers, whether he can ever ceaſe to be the better for it. Addiſon is the author of the paper; and I ſhall give the ſtory in his own elegant words.

"I was once," ſays the Tatler, "in agonies "of grief that are unutterable, and in ſo

" great a diſtraction of mind, that I thought
" myſelf even out of the poſſibility of receiv-
" ing comfort. The occaſion was as fol-
" lows: When I was a youth, in a part of
" the army which was then quartered at Do-
" ver, I fell in love with an agreeable young
" woman, of a good family, in thoſe parts,
" and had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my ad-
" dreſſes kindly received, which occaſioned
" the perplexity I am going to relate. We
" were in a calm evening diverting ourſelves
" on the top of a cliff, with the proſpect of the
" ſea; and trifling away the time in ſuch little
" fondneſſes as are moſt ridiculous to people
" in buſineſs, and moſt agreeable to thoſe in
" love. In the midſt of theſe our innocent
" endearments, ſhe ſnatched a paper of verſes
" out of my hand, and ran away with them.
" I was following her; when on a ſudden
" the ground, though at a conſiderable diſt-
" ance from the verge of the precipice, ſunk
" under her, and threw her down, from ſo
" prodigious an height, upon ſuch a range
" of rocks, as would have daſhed her into
" ten thouſand pieces, had her body been
" made of adamant. It is much eaſier for
" my reader to imagine my ſtate of mind
" upon ſuch an occaſion, than for me to expreſs

" it. I ſaid to myſelf, It is not in the " power of Heaven to relieve me—when I " awaked, equally tranſported and aſtoniſh- " ed to ſee myſelf drawn out of an affliction, " which, the very moment before, appeared " to be altogether inextricable.

What fable of Æſop, nay of Homer or of Virgil, conveys ſo fine a moral! Yet moſt people have, if I miſtake not, met with ſuch deliverances by means of a dream. And ſuch a deliverance will every good man meet with at laſt, when he is taken away from the evils of life, and awakes in the regions of everlaſting light and peace; looking back upon the world, and all its troubles, with a ſurpriſe and a ſatisfaction, ſimilar in kind, though incomparably higher in degree, to that which we now feel, when we eſcape from a terrifying dream, and open our eyes upon the ſweet ſerenity of a ſummer morning. Let us not deſpiſe inſtruction, how mean ſoever the vehicle may be that brings it. Even if it be a dream, let us learn to profit by it. For, whether aſleep or awake, we are equally the care of Providence; and neither a dream nor a waking thought, can occur to us without the permiſſion of him in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

Some men dream more, and others leſs; and ſome, perhaps, though theſe are few, none at all. This cannot be fully accounted for, from the different degrees of health which different men enjoy, nor from their different ways of life; though theſe and the like peculiarities may no doubt have ſome influence. Perſons who think much, and who take little bodily exerciſe, will, perhaps, be found to be the greateſt dreamers; eſpecially if their imagination be active, and their nervous ſyſtem very ſenſible; which laſt is too common an infirmity among men of learning. The ſleep of the labouring man is ſweet and ſound; and his dreams he rarely remembers; for the faculties of his mind are not much employed, his nerves are ſtrong, and the ſphere of his imagination is narrow. As Nature does nothing in vain, is it not probable that, to the conſtitutions of ſome people, dreaming may be more neceſſary, as a mental recreation, than to thoſe of others? To meditate continually on one ſet of objects, is detrimental to health, and even to reaſon; and, when one is oppreſſed with low ſpirits, which often proceed from this very cauſe, the phyſician never fails to recommend amuſements, company, travelling, ſea-voyages, and other expedients,

for leading the mind out of its old gloomy track, refreſhing it with new ideas, and forcing it to exert itſelf with unuſual energy, and in a new direction.

Go, ſoft enthuſiaſt, quit the cypreſs groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your ſad complaint. Go, ſeek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the buſtling crowd.
Lay ſchemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wiſh
Of nobler minds, and puſh them night and day.
Or join the caravan, in queſt of ſcenes
New to the eye, and ſhifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines.
Or, more adventurous, ruſh into the field,
Where war grows hot, and raging through the ſky,
The lofty trumpet ſwells the maddening ſoul;
And in the hardy camp, and toilſome march,
Forget all ſofter and leſs manly cares.

Men, therefore, who think more than others, may have more need than others have, of that amuſement and variety which is produced by dreaming. Certain it is, that dreams are often a relief to thoſe who are in perplexity, or who have long been ruminating upon

diſagreeable objects, or upon any one ſet of ideas which they cannot eaſily get rid of. Nor is it neceſſary, in order to effect this, that a dream ſhould in itſelf be pleaſing. Scenes of difficulty, and even of danger, are, as we have ſeen, recommended to the patient oppreſſed with melancholy; and, if a dream ſhall only give a new impulſe, even for a ſhort time, to the minds of thoſe perſons of whom I now ſpeak, it may do them an important ſervice, however diſagreeable in itſelf. Seldom, indeed, are they happy in their dreams, whoſe faculties are worn out with much thinking.

Dreams depend in part on the ſtate of the air. That which has power over the paſſions may reaſonably be preſumed to have power over the thoughts of men. For the thoughts that occur to a mind actuated by any paſſion, are always congenial to that paſſion, and tend to encourage it. Now, moſt people know, by experience, how effectual in producing joy and hope, are pure ſkies and ſunſhine, and that a long continuance of dark weather brings on ſolicitude and melancholy. This is particularly the caſe with thoſe perſons whoſe nervous ſyſtem has been weakened by a ſedentary life and much thinking; and they,

as I hinted formerly, are moſt ſubject to troubleſome dreams. If the external air can effect the motions of ſo heavy a ſubſtance as mercury, in the tube of the barometer, we need not wonder that it ſhould effect thoſe finer liquids that circulate through the human body. And if our paſſions and thoughts, when we are awake, may be variouſly modified by the conſiſtency, defect, or redundance of theſe liquids, and by the ſtate of the tubes through which they circulate, need we wonder that the ſame thing ſhould happen in ſleep, when our ideas, diſengaged from the controul of reaſon, may be ſuppoſed to be more obſequious to material impulſe? When the air is loaded with groſs vapour, dreams are generally diſagreeable to perſons of a delicate conſtitution.

If, then, our thoughts in ſleep may receive form and colour from ſo many circumſtances; from the general ſtate of our health, from the preſent ſtate of the ſtomach and fluids, from the temperature of the air, from the poſition of external objects in contact with our body, and from the tenor of our thoughts through the day; ſhall we be ſurpriſed at the variety of our dreams? and when any uncommon or diſagreeable dream occurs, it is not more rational

to refer it to one or other of theſe cauſes, than to terrify ourſelves with a fooliſh conceit, that it is ſupernatural, and betokens calamity. How often, during the day, do thoughts ariſe, which we cannot account for, as uncommon perhaps, and incongruous, as thoſe which compoſe our dreams? Once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, I remember to have paſſed a night of dreams that were beyond deſcription terrible; inſomuch, that I at laſt found it expedient to keep myſelf awake, that I might no more be tormented with them. Had I been ſuperſtitious, I ſhould have thought that ſome diſaſter was impending. But it occurred to me, that the tempeſtuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the occaſion of all thoſe horrors; and I have ſince, in ſome medical author, met with a remark to juſtify the conjecture. A very ſlight cauſe may check that inſenſible perſpiration which is ſo neceſſary to health; and when this happens, we cannot expect that our dreams ſhould be ſo eaſy as at other times. Let no one, then, be alarmed at an uncommon dream. It is probably nothing more than a ſymptom of a trifling bodily diſorder; and if ſo, it has nothing more to do with futurity, nor is one

whit more ſupernatural, than a cut finger, or a pang of the tooth-ach.

Concerning the opinion which ſome have entertained of our dreams being ſuggeſted by inviſible beings, I ſhall only ſay, that I think it very improbable. For, firſt, I ſee no reaſon for believing that the Deity would employ "millions of ſpiritual creatures" in ſuch an office as that of ſuggeſting our ordinary dreams. Secondly, I cannot conceive how thoſe creatures ſhould be affected, in ſuch an operation, by the external air, or by the ſtate of our health, which are known to have great influence in our thoughts, both in ſleep and when we are awake. And, thirdly, from what we know of the rapidity of our fancy when awake, we need not ſuppoſe any foreign impulſe neceſſary to produce the various appearances of dreaming; as the ſoul ſeems to poſſeſs in herſelf powers ſufficient for that purpoſe. Madneſs, melancholy, and many other diſeaſes, give an extravagance to the thoughts of waking men, equal, or even ſuperior, to what happens in ſleep. If the agency of unſeen beings is not ſuppoſed to produce the firſt, why ſhould we have recourſe to it in order to account for the laſt? But it is urged, that in ſleep the ſoul is paſſive, and is haunted

by viſions, which ſhe would gladly get rid of if ſhe could. And it may be urged, in anſwer, for it is no leſs true, that perſons afflicted with anxiety and melancholy too often find, to their ſad experience, that their ſoul is almoſt equally paſſive when they are awake; for that they are, even then, haunted with the moſt tormenting thoughts, from which all their powers of reaſon, all the exertions of their will, and all the exhortations of their friends, cannot effectually relieve them.

To conclude, Providence certainly ſuperintends the affairs of men; and often, we know not how often, interpoſes for our preſervation. It would therefore be preſumptuous to affirm, that ſupernatural cautions, in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams. The deſign of theſe remarks is not to contradict any authentic experience, or hiſtorical fact, but only to ſhew that dreams may proceed from a variety of cauſes that have nothing ſupernatural in them; and that, though we are not much acquainted with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we know enough of it to ſee that is is not uſeleſs or ſuperfluous, but may, on the contrary, anſwer ſome purpoſes of great importance to our welfare both in ſoul and body.

NUMBER XXVI.

They place their bliſs on mutual reſt.

A CURE FOR A SCOLDING WIFE.

Miss Molly, a fam'd toaſt, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then ſhe had a tongue.
From morn to night th' eternal larum rung,
Which often loſt thoſe hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual time, then wed the dame;
Poſſeſs'd, he thought, of every joy of life;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Exceſs of fondneſs did in time decline;
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.

From whence ſome petty diſcords would ariſe,
As, *You'r a fool*,—and, *You are mighty wiſe!*

Though he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than ſweet;
When ſhe began—for hat and ſword he'd call;
Then, after a faint kiſs,—cry, B'y, dear Moll:
Supper and friends expect me at the Roſe.
And what, Sir John, you'll get your uſual doſe!
Go, ſtink of ſmoke, and guzzle naſty wine;
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!

Oft as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a freſh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his buſineſs done;
And only then reel'd off becauſe alone.
Full well he knew the dreadful ſtorm to come;
But, arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durſt venture home.

My lady with her tongue was ſtill prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard!

'Tis a fine hour! In a ſweet pickle made!
And, this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with ſpleen, and ſtranger to delight;
Till morn ſends ſtaggering home a drunken beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my heart, as well as reſt.

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear, my damn'd obſtrep'rous ſpouſe,
What, can't you find one bed about the houſe?
Will that perpetual clack lie never ſtill?
That rival to the ſoftneſs of a mill!
Some couch and diſtant room muſt be my choice,
Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with wife and noiſe.

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With ſnarling meals, and each a ſeparate bed.
To an old uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his advice, and ſcarce from tears refrain.
Old Wiſewood ſmok'd the matter as it was,
Cheer up! cry'd he, and I'll remove the cauſe.

A wondrous ſpring within my garden flows,
Of ſov'reign virtue chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtic jars, and matrimonial ſtrife,
The beſt elixir t' appeaſe man and wife;
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,
'Tis water call'd; but worth its weight in wine.
If in his ſullen airs Sir John ſhould come,
Three ſpoonfuls take, hold in your mouth,—then—mum:
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he ſhall rage and ſcold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
One month this ſympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, deareſt niece, keep this grand ſecret cloſe,
Or ev'ry prattling huſſey 'll beg a doſe.

A water bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nantz could ſooner eaſe the lady's grief;
Her buſy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female-like, impatient for th' event!

The bonny knight reels home, exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domeſtic war:

Ent'ring, he cries,—Hey! where's our thunder fled!
No hurricane! Betty 's your lady dead?
Madam aſide an ample mouthful takes,
Curtſies, looks kind; but not a word ſhe ſpeaks.
Wond'ring he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?
She ſmiles, and anſwers only with a bow.
Then claſping her about—Why, let me die!
Theſe night-clothes, Moll, become you mightily!
With that he ſigh'd, her hand began to preſs,
And Betty calls, her lady to undreſs.
Nay kiſs me, Molly;—for I am much inclin'd:
Her lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the mind.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

For many days theſe fond endearments paſs'd,
The reconciling bottle fails at laſt;

'Twas us'd and gone; – then midnight ſtorms aroſe;
And looks and words the union diſcompoſe.
Her coach is order'd, and poſt-haſte ſhe flies,
To beg her uncle for ſome freſh ſupplies;
Tranſported does the ſtrange effects relate,
Her knight's converſion, and her happy ſtate.

Why, niece, ſays he,—I pr'ythee apprehend,
The water's water,—be thyſelf thy friend:
Such beauty would the coldeſt huſband warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
Be ſilent and complying—You'll ſoon find
Sir John, without a med'cine, will be kind.

NUMBER XXVII.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights
Whom love with mutual bonds unites;
Unbroken by complaints or ſtrife,
And binding each to each for life.

ON EQUALITY IN THE MARRIED STATE.

IT has been univerſally allowed, and with great reaſon, that between perſons who marry, there ſhould be ſome degree of equality, with reſpect to age and condition. Thoſe who violate a known truth, deſerve the infelicity they incur. I ſhall therefore only labour to preſerve innocence by detecting error.

With the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, that "the beſt huſband is a reformed "rake;" a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which ſuch a huſband is commonly the reward of

female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an inconteſtible proof, that with the true character of a rake the ladies are wholly unacquainted. "They have," indeed, "heard "of a wild young gentleman, who would "rake about the town, and take up his lodg-"ing at a bagnio; who had told many a girl "a pretty ſtory, that was fool enough to be-"lieve him; and had a right to many a child "that did not call him father; but that in "ſome of theſe frolics he thought no harm, "and for others he had ſufficiently ſuffered." Thoſe are words of dreadful import, and ſhould always be thus underſtood.

"To rake about town, and lodge at a bag-"nio, is to aſſociate with the vileſt and moſt "abandoned of human beings; it is to be-"come familiar with blaſphemy and lewd-"neſs, and frequently to ſport with the moſt "deplorable miſery. To tell pretty ſtories to "credulous girls, is to deceive the ſimplicity "of innocence by cunning and falſehood. To "be the father of a nameleſs progeny, is to "deſert thoſe, whoſe tears only can implore "the protection, to which of all others they "have the ſtrongeſt and tendereſt claim; it is "more than to be a man without affection, "it is to be a brute without inſtinct. To

"think no harm in ſome of theſe frolics, is "to have worn out all ſenſibility of the dif- "ference between right and wrong; and to "have ſuffered for others, is to have a bo- "dy contaminated with diſeaſes, which, in "ſome degree, are certainly tranſmitted to "poſterity."

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture will be ſufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happineſs by marrying the original; and from diſcouraging virtue, by making vice neceſſary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which, though not equally fatal and abſurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the rake is excluded, it will be generally ſuppoſed, that ſuperior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. "A man of fine ſenſe" is indeed a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been adviſed to prefer this to every other, as it includes a capacity to beſtow "that refined, "exalted, and permanent felicity, which alone "is worthy of a rational being." But I think it probable that this advice, however ſpecious, has been often given for no other reaſon, than becauſe to give it flattered the

vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies uniuerſally affect to approve, and probably for a ſimilar reaſon; ſince every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high eſtimation, is to demonſtrate that ſhe poſſeſſes it.

As he that would perſuade, ſhould be ſcrupulouſly careful not to offend, I will not inſinuate that there are any ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted underſtanding cannot be diſcerned, and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleaſure which it can beſtow. And yet, I think, there is another excellence which is much more eſſential to conjugal felicity, *good-nature.*

I know that good-nature has, like Socrates, been ridiculed in the habit of folly; and that folly has been dignified by the name of good-nature. But by good-nature, I do not mean that flexible imbecillity of mind which complies with every requeſt, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel, at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife, at the expence of his eſtate. Perſons of this

diſpoſition have ſeldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true good-nature, there is neither the acrimony of ſpleen, nor the ſullenneſs of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful; neither eaſy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender ſenſibility, a participation of the pains and pleaſures of others; and is therefore, a forcible and conſtant motive, to communicate happineſs, and alleviate miſery.

As human nature is, from whatever cauſe, in a ſtate of great imperfection, it is ſurely to be deſired, that a perſon whom it is moſt our intereſt to pleaſe, ſhould not ſee more of this imperfection than we do ourſelves.

I ſhall perhaps be told, that "a man of "ſenſe can never uſe a woman ill." The latter part of this propoſition is a phraſe of very extenſive and various ſignification: whether a man of ſenſe can "uſe a woman "ill," I will not inquire; but I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Perſons of keen penetration, and great delicacy of ſentiment, as they muſt neceſſarily be more frequently offended than others; ſo, as a puniſhment for the offence, they can inflict

more exquiſite pain, becauſe they can wound with more poignant reproach; and by him whom good-nature does not reſtrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus puniſhed.

If this puniſhment is ſuffered with ſilence, confuſion and tears, it is poſſible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorſe of a murderer, is too late; the dread of incurring the ſame anguiſh by a like fault, will ſubſtitute for the ſmile of cheerfulneſs, that ſunſhine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, ſolicitude, and anxiety. The offence will, notwithſtanding, be again repeated; the puniſhment, the diſtreſs, and the remorſe will again return; becauſe error is involuntary, and anger is not reſtrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deſerved, becomes the ſubject of debate; the conſequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to ſhew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than ſounds by the deaf, the huſband will be inſulted for cauſeleſs and capricious diſpleaſure, and the wife for folly, perverſeneſs, and obſtinacy. In theſe circumſtances, what will become of "the refined, "the exalted, and the permanent felicity,

"which alone is worthy of reaſonable beings, "and which elevated genius only can be-"ſtow."

That this conduct is, by a man of ſenſe, known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it muſt alſo be granted, that the diſcernment of wrong is not always a propenſity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce ſalutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

Good-nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, muſt be admitted as the higheſt perſonal merit. If, without it, wiſdom is not kind; without it, folly muſt be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, "The quality moſt eſ-"ſential to conjugal felicity is good-nature." And, ſurely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a huſband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleaſure without feeling it themſelves, it is eaſy to perceive which ſenſation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected that I ſhould give ſome general rules, by which the ladies may diſcover the diſpoſition of thoſe by whom they are addreſſed; but it is extremely difficult to

detect malevolence amidſt the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and to diſtinguiſh the man under that almoſt inſcrutable diſguiſe, the lover. Good-nature, however, is not indicated by the fulſome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almoſt anticipates the jeſt, or the conſtant echo of every ſentiment; neither is it ſafe to truſt the appearance of profuſe liberality, or buſy officiouſneſs. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependents; and whether they approach him with a ſlaviſh timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary ſervitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his miſtreſs? Does he mention the abſent with candour, and behave to thoſe who are preſent with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to theſe circumſtances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, good-nature is not of leſs importance to ourſelves than to others. The moroſe and petulant firſt feel the anguiſh that they give: Reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflow-

ings of their own infelicity, and are conſtantly again forced back upon their ſource. Sweetneſs of temper is not, indeed, an acquired, but a natural excellence; and therefore, to recommend it to thoſe who have it not, may be deemed rather an inſult than an advice. But let that which in happier natures is inſtinct, in theſe be reaſon; let them purſue the ſame conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the ſourneſs of the crab inhances the value of the graft; ſo that which on its parent plant is good-nature, will, on a leſs kindly ſtock, be improved into virtue. No action by which others receive pleaſure or pain is indifferent: The ſacred rule, "Do that to others which "ye would that others ſhould do to you," extends to every deed; and "every word ſhall "be brought into judgment."

NUMBER XXVIII.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

THE CONSTANT LOVERS.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd;
Whom neighb'ring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers, never ſound.

While, calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my cheerful fire;
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray,
But, cheaply bleſt, I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its maſter's hand;
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt!
Or lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, ſink at laſt to reſt!

Or if the ſun in flaming Leo ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray;
And with my Delia walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know.

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for Delia and myſelf alone.

Ah! fooliſh man, who thus of her poſſeſt,
Could float, and wander with Ambition's wind;
And if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind.

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own:
The ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe;
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
May riſe and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope ſpeak his liſt'ning country's wrongs;
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender ſongs,
Securely ſitting in her tender ſhade.

Stanhope ſhall come, and grace his rural friend;
Delia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe, the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

Her's be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſt,
The favourite ſubject of her little reign
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock;
For her, a goat-herd, climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah! what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her, 'midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep.

Delia alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight:
With her enjoyment weakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows through every night.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I'll gaze when other's loves are o'er,
And, dying, preſs her with my clay-cold hand:——
Thou weep'ſt already as I were no more;
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

Oh! when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare;
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill:
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair;
Tho' I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill.

Oh! quit the room, oh! quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart;
Oh! leave me, Delia, e'er thou ſee me dead:
Here weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate;
Through all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

NUMBER XXIX.

And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love;
Of the ſmooth glance beware.

WE are induced to inſert the following ſtory, becauſe our correſpondent aſſures us that it is a true one. It came to us accompanied with reflections upon the bad conſequences of forming a matrimonial connection at an early period of life. As we do not think this the *evil of the day*, we decline inſerting the reflections, and ſhall take this opportunity of quoting the opinion of the author of the ſketches of the hiſtory of man upon this ſubject. He obſerves, "That "nature has implanted in both ſexes, at an "early period, an affection for each other, "which is not confined merely to the ſa-"tisfaction of bodily appetite, but begets "a mutual ſympathy and friendſhip: This "proves that it is the intention of Provi-"dence, that people ſhould early ſettle in

"matrimony. It is pride and luxury that "dictate late marriages. Induſtry never "fails to afford the means of living comfort- "ably, provided men confine themſelves to "the demands of nature."

NORVAL AND MARIA.

THERE was a boy at ſchool, whoſe name I ſhall conceal under that of Norval, who was equally eſteemed by his maſter for the brilliancy of his talents, and beloved by his ſchool-fellows for the various excellent qualities of his mind, and the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition. Before he had riſen very high in ſchool, he conceived a paſſion for a young lady in the neighbourhood, eminently beautiful, and differing from him in character, only as the natural delicacy and ſoftneſs of her ſex added a charm to every perfection of her lover. From the many interviews they had had, the flame which at firſt fired his boſom, quickly became mutual; and they already indulged themſelves in romantic ideas of celebrating their nuptials, when they hardly knew what love was, but from the fluttering it cauſed in

each of their tender breaſts. Two years were now elapſed ſince they had declared their flame to each other. Norval had long pleaded his love to his dear Maria, with all the force a ſincere and daily increaſing paſſion could inſpire him with. Marriage was what they both looked up to: but impoſſibilities dimmed the proſpect; and though he loved her with a tenderneſs which nought but virtuous motives can implant, yet ſtill his deſires tended to that point of bliſs, which nothing but the privilege of marriage can give ſanction to. His father, it ſeems, having long obſerved the cloſe intimacy which ſubſiſted between our hero and this amiable girl, and fearful of the conſequence, namely marriage, (for ſhe had no fortune), reſolved to ſeparate them in the haſtieſt manner poſſible. Accordingly, he purchaſed him an enſigncy in a regiment juſt going abroad; and paying little regard to his ſon's diſapprobation of a military life, ſent him off to Jerſey. This precaution, however, proved fruitleſs; for Norval, as ſoon as he was acquainted with his father's cruel determination, having obtained Maria's full conſent, had their marriage conſummated unknown to any of his friends; and as his regiment was detained in England, by unforeſeen

delays, a much longer time than was expected, he found means to paſs the greater part of his time in her company. I ſhall paſs over the tender ſcene which took place at their parting: Suffice it to ſay, that never was a picture of grief diſplayed in more natural and affecting colours than what this interview exhibited. With difficulty he diſſuaded her from the earneſt deſire ſhe had of accompanying him; but he knew the dangers of the voyage, and the difficulties a woman is expoſed to in a camp, too well to comply with her requeſt. All he had to conſole her with was, an aſſurance of the moſt ſpeedy return he could obtain.

Before he had been ſix months in Jerſey, he had the news of her being brought to bed of a ſon. Since ſhe laſt ſaw her dear Norval, her conſtancy had been put to the trial by a thouſand preſſing calamities. Juſt after he had ſet ſail, ſhe felt a ſevere ſhock in the loſs of a kind and affectionate mother, her only ſurviving parent, and was now left an helpleſs orphan, expoſed to all the dangers of the wide world, deprived of every comfort of life, and nearly deſtitute of all its neceſſaries. Her mother, being the relict of a colonel, had, with ſome economy, made ſhift to ſupport

herſelf and daughter in a genteel manner on her penſion; but this dropt at her death, and poor Maria, who either from too great indulgence, or the pride of her parents, had not been brought up to any buſineſs, was now reduced to the deſperate alternative of either ſtarving, or maintaining herſelf by the moſt wretched trade her ſex is acquainted with. Happily, an old ſchool-fellow of Norval's, learning the diſtreſſed ſtate of her circumſtances, flew to her aſſiſtance with all the ardour the thought of relieving his friend's dearer half, could inflame him with; and (as ſhe had too much virtue ever to become a proſtitute) ſaved her from the rigour of a death ſhe nowiſe merited, and which had long appeared to her inevitable. Shortly after this timely reſcue, ſhe received the following letter from her Norval.

"My dearest Maria,

"Judge my happineſs on hearing that "Heaven has bleſt us with a token of our "love! That he may reſemble his mother "in every thing, is the only boon I crave "now for him.—But I change my joy to a "note of ſorrow! The pernicious effects of "this climate have inflicted on me an ill-

" neſs, which, I fear, I never ſhall get over. " Life, however, is a burthen to me, whilſt " thou art abſent; nor could I have held it " out thus long, but that I ſupport myſelf on " the proſpect of that bliſs, which will, I " hope, crown the reſt of our years, ſhould I " ever return to thee. I live, I breathe but for " thee; and fear not death, but as it ſhall ſnatch " me from thee; but there is a place, a Paradiſe, " where we ſhall one day meet—to part no " more!——Farewel! May Heaven ſhed its " choiceſt bleſſings on thee and thy infant, " and render you both happy, as it made thee " good!"

Equally alarmed at the ſeverity of her Norval's diſorder, and charmed with the ſincerity of his paſſion, ſhe reſolved to ſet ſail in queſt of him. Accordingly, ſupplied by the kindneſs of his friend, with every thing requiſite for her voyage, ſhe went on board a tranſport bound for the place of her huſband's deſtination; but the bittereſt ſcene of her affliction remained as yet unaccompliſhed. All thoſe flattering images of joy which the thoughts of quickly ſeeing her Norval had preſented to her, were ſuddenly overcloud ed by the ſtorm which intercepted them in

their paſſage. After every exertion of the crew had proved vain, they were driven to the laſt reſource, and fired the ſignal of diſtreſs. This was inſtantly anſwered by another ſhip which had long been near, but from the darkneſs which reigned around, without the knowledge of either. It was, however, too late to ſave their veſſel. The leak which had ſo long diſtreſſed them now took in ſo faſt, that it was impoſſible to keep her above water; and juſt as the ſhip made up to her, ſhe ſunk. Her long-boat, ſtowed full, was now approaching the ſide of the ſhip, when a cruel wave ſnatched it under, and Maria, with her dear infant cloſe claſped to her breaſt, floated at the mercy of a ſtormy ſea.

Muſt I ſtop my reader, to tell him, that Norval, having procured leave of abſence, was returning in the other ſhip?——He had long fixed his eyes on the boat, ſtruck with the beauty of his unknown wife. Unable any longer to be witneſs to ſuch a ſcene of diſtreſs, without taking an active part in it, he plunged in at the hazard of his own life, and catching her as ſhe roſe on the back of a billow, bore her to his own ſhip's boat. But what were his feelings, when he beheld the face

of his Maria! Her benumbed arm had dropt its tender charge. The horrors of her diſtreſs had deprived her cheeks of their roſeat hue, and plundered her ruby lips of all their melting beauties. Dead was the luſtre of her gloſſy eye, and cold her lily hand. He preſſed her to his breaſt in the agonies of deſpair, and ſtrove to recal her affrighted ſpirits to their gay abode. She at length awoke almoſt from the ſhades of death; but ſeeing her Norval's face, ſhrieked aſtoniſhment, and ſunk into his arms a breathleſs corſe.

NUMBER XXX.

——Oh, how divinely fair!
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatneſs.

LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,

Of every ſtay, ſave innocence and Heav'n,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd, and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for Lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,

But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was Beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd, blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong,
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackl'd man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire

Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd:
"What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe
And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acaſto's line; and to my mind
Recals that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe;
Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
And once fair-ſpreading family, diſſolv'd.
'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"

When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauty flaſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.
"And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains?
She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought,
So long in vain? O heavens! the very ſame,
The ſoften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than ſpring!
Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
In what ſequeſter'd deſert haſt thou drawn
The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven?
Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair;
Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain

Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
O let me now into a richer ſoil,
Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns and ſhowers
Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee; oh! it ill befits
Acaſto's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
Though vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine:
If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
That deareſt bliſs, the pow'r of bleſſing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth; yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joys divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
The ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.

The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely, like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

NUMBER XXXI.

There is a charm, a pow'r that ſways the
breaſt,
Bids ev'ry paſſion revel, or be ſtill,
Inſpires with rage, or all your cares diſ-
ſolves;
Can ſooth diſtraction, and almoſt deſpair:
That pow'r is *Muſic*.

ON MUSIC.

THERE are few who have not felt the charms of muſic, and acknowledged its expreſſions to be intelligible to the heart. It is a language of delightful ſenſations, that is far more eloquent than words: It breathes to the ear the cleareſt intimations; but how it was learned, to what origin we owe it, or what is the meaning of ſome of its moſt affecting ſtrains, we know not.

We feel plainly that muſic touches, and gently agitates the agreeable and ſublime paſ-

ſions; that it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates in joy; that it diſſolves and inflames; that it melts us in tenderneſs, and rouſes to rage: but its ſtrokes are ſo fine and delicate, that, like a tragedy, even the paſſions that are wounded pleaſe; its ſorrows are charming, and its rage heroic and delightful; as people feel the particular paſſions with different degrees of force, their taſte of harmony muſt proportionably vary. Muſic then is a language directed to the paſſions; but the rudeſt paſſions put on a new nature, and become pleaſing in harmony: let me add, alſo, that it awakens ſome paſſions which we perceive not in ordinary life. Particularly, the moſt elevated ſenſation of muſic ariſes from a confuſed perception of ideal or viſionary beauty and rapture, which is ſufficiently perceivable to fire the imagination, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This ſhadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languiſhing curioſity, to collect into a diſtinct object of view and comprehenſion; but it ſinks and eſcapes, like the diſſolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of the memory, nor yet totally fled. The nobleſt charm of muſic then, though real and affecting, ſeems too

confuſed and fluid to be collected into a diſtinct idea. Harmony is always underſtood by the crowd, and almoſt always miſtaken by muſicians, who are, with hardly any exception, ſervile followers of the taſte of mode, and who having expended much time and pains on the mechanic and practical part, lay a ſtreſs on the dexterities of hand, which yet have no real value, but as they ſerve to produce thoſe collections of ſound that move the paſſions. The preſent Italian taſte for muſic is exactly correſpondent to the taſte of tragi-comedy, that about a century ago gained ground upon the ſtage. The muſicians of the preſent day, are charmed at the union they form between the grave and the fantaſtic, and at the ſurpriſing tranſitions they make between extremes; while every hearer who has the leaſt remainder of the taſte of nature left, is ſhocked at the ſtrange jargon. If the ſame taſte ſhould prevail in painting, we muſt ſoon expect to ſee the woman's head, a horſe's body, and a fiſh's tail, united by ſoft gradations, greatly admired at our public exhibitions. Muſical gentlemen ſhould take particular care to preſerve in its full vigour and ſenſibility,

their original natural taſte, which alone feels and diſcovers the true beauty of muſic.

If Milton, Shakeſpeare, or Dryden, had been born with the ſame genius and inſpiration for muſic as for poetry, and had paſſed through the practical part without corrupting the natural taſte, or blending with it a prepoſſeſſion in favour of the ſlights and dexterities of hand; then would their notes be tuned to paſſions, and to ſentiments as natural and expreſſive as the tones and modulations of the voice in diſcourſe. The muſic and the thought would not make different impreſſions: The hearers would only think impetuouſly; and the effect of the muſic would be to give the ideas a tumultuous violence and divine impulſe upon the mind. Any perſon converſant with the claſſic poets, ſees inſtantly that the paſſionate power of muſic I ſpeak of, was perfectly underſtood and practiſed by the ancients; that the muſes of the Greeks always ſung, and their ſong was the echo of the ſubject, which ſwelled their poetry into enthuſiaſm and rapture. An inquiry into the nature and merits of the ancient muſic, and a compariſon thereof with modern compoſition, by a perſon of poetic genius and an admirer

of harmony, who is free from the ſhackles of practice, and the prejudices of the mode, aided by the countenance of a few men of rank, of elevated and true taſte, would probably lay the preſent half-Gothic mode of muſic in ruins, like thoſe towers of whoſe little laboured ornaments it is an exact picture; and reſtore the Grecian taſte of paſſionate harmony once more, to the delight and wonder of mankind. But as from the diſpoſition of things and the force of faſhion, we cannot hope in our time to reſcue the ſacred lyre, and ſee it put into the hands of men of genius, I can only recal you to your own natural feeling of harmony, and obſerve to you, that its emotions are not found in the laboured, fantaſtic, and ſurpriſing compoſitions that form the modern ſtile of muſic; but you meet them in ſome few pieces that are the growth of wild unvitiated taſte; you diſcover them in the ſwelling ſounds that wrap us in imaginary grandeur; in thoſe plaintive tones that make us in love with woe; in the tones that utter the lover's ſighs, and fluctuate the breaſt with gentle pain; in the noble ſtrokes that coil up the courage and fury of the ſoul, or that lull it in confuſed viſions of joy; in ſhort, in thoſe

affecting ſtrains that find their way to the inward receſſes of the heart:

Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of harmony.

NUMBER XXXII.

To neighb'ring tavern, blithſome, he reſorts
With boon companion, where they drown their cares
In ſprightly bumpers, and the mantling bowl.

THE EDINBURGH BUCK.

YE who oft finiſh care in Lethe's cup,
Who love to ſwear, and roar, and *keep it up*,
Liſt to a brother's voice, whoſe ſole delight
Is ſleep all day, and riot all the night.

Laſt night, when potent draughts of mellow wine
Did ſober reaſon into wit refine;

When luſty Bacchus had contriv'd to drain
The ſullen vapours from our ſhallow brain,
We ſallied forth (for valour's dazzling ſun
Up to his bright meridian had run);
And, like renowned Quixotte and his ſquire,
Spoils and adventures were our ſole deſire.

Firſt we approach'd a ſeeming ſober dame,
Preceded by a lanthorn's pallid flame,
Borne by a livery'd puppy's ſervile hand,
The ſlave obſequious of her ſtern command.
Curſe on thoſe cits, ſaid I, who dare diſgrace
Our ſtreets at midnight with a ſober face;
Let never tallow-chandler give them light,
To guide them through the dangers of the night.
The valet's cane we ſnatch'd; and, *damme!* I
Made the frail lanthorn on the pavement lie.
The guard, ſtill watchful of the lieges' harm,
With ſlow-pac'd motion ſtalk'd at the alarm.
Guard, ſeize the rogues! the angry madam cry'd,
And all the guard with *ſieze ta rogue* reply'd.

As in a war there's nothing judg'd ſo right
As a concerted and prudential flight;
So we, from guard and ſcandal to be freed,
Left them the field, and burial of the dead.

Next we approach'd the bounds of George's Square,
Bleſt place! No watch, no conſtable comes there.
Now had they borrow'd Argus' eye who ſaw us,
All was made dark, and deſolate as chaos:
Lamps tumbl'd after lamps, and loſt their luſtres,
Like Doomſday, when the ſtars ſhall fall in cluſters,
Let fancy paint what dazzling glory grew,
From chryſtal gems, when Phœbus came in view;
Each ſhatter'd orb ten thouſand fragments ſtrews,
And a new ſun ev'ry fragment ſhews.

Hear then, my bucks! how drunken fate decreed us
For a nocturnal viſit to the Meadows,
And how we, val'rous champions! durſt engage—
O deed unequall'd—both the *bridge* and *cage*;
The rage of per'lous winters which had ſtood,
This 'gainſt the wind, and that againſt the flood;

But what nor wind, nor flood, nor heav'n could
bend e'er,
We tumbl'd down, my bucks, and made ſur-
render.

What are your far fam'd warriors to us,
'Bout whom hiſtorians make ſuch mighty fuſs?
Poſterity may think it was uncommon
That Troy ſhould be pillag'd for a woman;
But ours your ten year's ſieges will excel,
And juſtly be eſteem'd the nonpareil.
Our cauſe is ſlighter than a dame's betrothing;
For all theſe mighty feats have ſprung from—
nothing.

END OF VOL. II.

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